Contributors

ISAAC ASIMOV published his fifty-eighth book this month, *Adding a Dimension* (Doubleday). A writer of science fiction and popular science, he is now working on a history of Greece "as a change of pace."

WILLIAM BRANDON is "a scholar on Indians and western history" and wrote *The Men and the Mountains.*

WERNHER VON BRAUN is a government employee.

PAUL CARLSTEN will begin teaching political science at Cornell College this September. He has worked for the U.S. Dept. of Labor, and reports that he has traveled "extensively in Grundy Center and Mechanicsville."

ALBERT CHRIST-JANER is Dean of The Pratt Institute in Brooklyn.

JAMES DALY, noted stage and television actor, is currently appearing with Helen Hayes in "The White House."

CATHERINE DAVIS's poems have appeared in *The Paris Review, Poetry,* and *New Poets of England and America* (1957).

OGDEN DWIGHT is a television and music critic for *The Des Moines Register.*

ANTONI GRONOWICZ, Polish-American writer, lives in New York.

DAVID JOHNSON is our regular record reviewer.

ROBERT U. JONES, Corinth, Mississippi, is currently working on a novel, *One Long Winding Trail*; and a work of non-fiction, *Next Time the Abyss?*

DONALD E. LOUTHIAN, whose cartoons appear throughout this issue, has exhibited widely in both group and one man shows in New York and elsewhere.

BRYAN MACMAHON is the headmaster of an Irish boys' school and author of *The Lion Tamer.*

KENNETH MACRORIE teaches at Western Michigan University.

E. L. MAYO, author of three books of poetry, teaches at Drake University.

RICHARD PEARCE is now attending Columbia University.

PAUL PETRIE teaches English at the University of Rhode Island. His poems have appeared in practically every important magazine in America.

DAVID O. RANKIN, transient political scientist (Pennsylvania, Idaho, Iowa) will pause at St. Lawrence Seminary to study Ethics.

DAVID RAY recently edited *Poems at the Hungarian Revolution* for the Cornell University Press which will also publish his forthcoming volume of poems entitled *X-Rays.*

OLIVER REA is the managing director of the Minnesota Theatre Company.

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ALBERT T. SCHMIDT teaches history at Coe College.

FREDERICK L. SCHUMAN is a noted authority on Russia and is currently Woodrow Wilson Professor of Government at Williams College.

W. D. SNODGRASS won a Pulitzer Prize for his first book of poems, *Heart's Needle*. He worked on the Prutkov translations with TANYA TOLSTOY, "a pretty, gum-chewing American teenager who does the twist." She is the great granddaughter of Leo Tolstoy.

ELEANOR MOHR STRUTHERS is a "wiper. I wipe floors, dishes, noses, and bottoms." She lives in Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

CHARLES WRIGHT is now spending his second year in Rome as a Fulbright grantee. His poems have appeared in *The Carleton Miscellany* and elsewhere.

The Anarchist's Dictionary

Australian Ballot
Insurance that your vote will be a mistake known only to yourself.

Candidate
Amiable ambivalence.

Conservative
One who votes for Federal aid to Arizona.

Dark Horse
A man originally considered inferior and inept, but who, because of a deadlock between superior candidates, is unexpectedly nominated and unanimously acclaimed as the party's champion.

Eisenhower, Dwight D.
A former aide to Sherman Adams.

Elephant
Biology—A thick-skinned mammal with small brain to weight ratio.
Politics—Symbol of Republican Party.

Fallout Shelter
An inexpensive family mausoleum.

Goldwater, Barry
The American De Gaulle.

Jury
Twelve of your peers—which should convince you to choose a judge.

Keynote speech
A proclamation of divinity and infallibility, immediately followed by evidence to the contrary.

Nixon, Richard M.
The human equivalent of a Studebaker.

Radical
One who wishes to replace existing evils with new ones.

Reactionary
One who wishes to replace exisiting evils with old ones.

Re-election
A repetition of error.

Test Ban
An agreement to destroy each other with the weapons on hand.

United Nations
An assumption that the whole will be better than the sum of its parts.

David O. Rankin

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The North American Review

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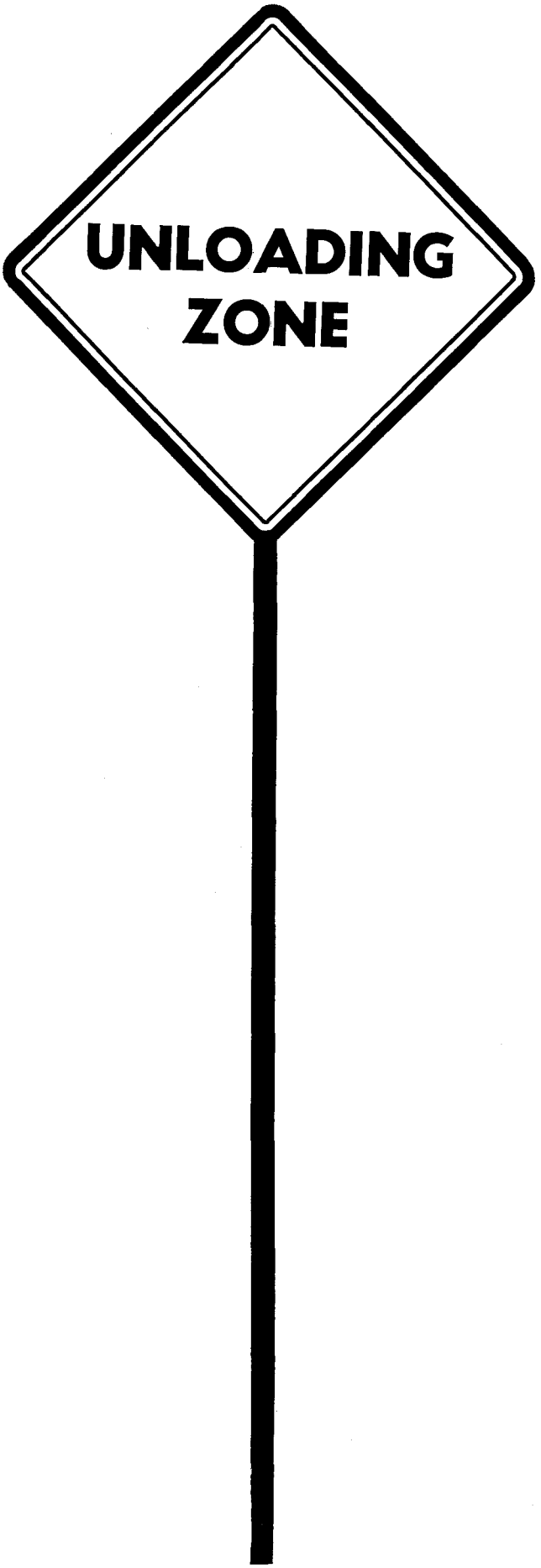

THE DEATH OF THE LIBERAL ARTS

Camped by London's Crystal Palace last summer my wife and I met a traveling compatriot. Of Greek extraction he had been visiting his wife's relatives at her birthplace near Athens. My wife's greatest disappointment in our summer travels had been that we could not see Greece and she quizzed our new friend hopefully on the wonders of that land. There seemed to be some disagreement. This Greek had definite views on many things—one of which was Greece. We could have it! It was hot, dry, dusty and the food was lousy. Seven weeks had been too long for him. He had a word or two for various other European attractions as well. Parisian food? Unprintable. But not everything was bad. He and my wife agreed that Paris was delightful in many ways. But most of his joys were of the type best observed nocturnally. Unfortunately it developed that he had been somewhat handicapped in his attempts to gain a full appreciation of "Paris at Night." It seems that he was accompanied by his wife and thirteen year old son. He voiced no objections to the former but the latter was a different matter. Yet he did not wish to be misunderstood. "He's a lovely boy. But in Paris—who needs him?!"

The question of a liberal arts education seems to be not unlike this loved but unwanted son. It is a beautiful concept but in an age of specialization who needs it? Does the nuclear physicist need literature or psychology? Surely these can be sacrificed to gain more training in mathe-

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matics thus making a better physicist. Does the poet or novelist need to probe the complexities of calculus or the electron? Surely training in writing, language, etc. is more valuable; what concern of his the mathematical bombshell of Gödel's proof?

Many educators have seen in the rise of specialization the fall of the liberal arts. Chief among them, perhaps, is Jacques Barzun, who claims that "The liberal arts tradition is dead or dying." Further, it would appear that Barzun intends to board the Professional Education Special rather than make any attempt to sidetrack or derail it for "It would be foolish to repine or to try to prolong a tradition that has run its course."

Certainly the vast majority of college students and their parents are on the side of professionalism. Many students know what profession they wish to enter long before college and a large number of others look on the liberal arts college as a place where one can shop around and find a vocation for which he is best-suited. Certainly they believe that, in this materialistic world, only the idle rich can afford four years of a delightful irrelevancy. About 20% of our college graduates go on to graduate or professional schools. The remainder must be prepared for the job of their choice upon graduation and most students see either option as an irresistible force pushing them into vocational or professional courses.

In an editorial in the SATURDAY REVIEW, Paul Woodring objects to Barzun's betrayal of the cause. Further objections were undoubtedly heard at numerous commencement exercises this spring. But Woodring's arguments are vague and weak. They must appear particularly so to those professionally oriented students outside the area of teacher education. Although Woodring claims that "liberal education is essential if our culture is to survive" it appears to be necessary only that all teachers are exposed to it.

But the inherent weakness in the argument for the case of the liberal arts is that very few people know what it is—and those few cannot agree. The tradition is vague and the product unrecognizable. There are indeed some 600 small private liberal arts colleges in the United States but the liberal arts cannot truthfully be said to thrive in them. The majority are weak and locked in a struggle for survival. Most are liberal arts colleges primarily because they can't afford to be anything else. Their faculties are populated with people devoted to their specialties and to their own professional advancement. Few are interested in teaching in courses outside their specialties or in integrated courses. Even fewer are qualified to do so.

If the teachers in our liberal arts colleges cannot communicate with each other what then is a liberally educated man? If there be such, one would presume that he could communicate with those in other cultures and would in fact desire to do so. One might think that Barzun himself would qualify but his book *Science, The Glorious Entertainment,* reveals numerous shortcomings. What would the liberally educated humanist need to know of the quantitative aspects of science? Certainly any scientist who has heard a group of humanists discuss a problem with quantitative aspects has discovered that the usual grasp is pathetically minimal. The lack of appreciation and understanding of things non-scientific on the part of the scientist is usually not as obvious but may be just as profound.

None of this is new. It was not new when pointed out by C. P. Snow several years ago. What Snow did was to emphasize that it was a problem. There may be some question as to the depth of the chasm or whether there are two cultures or several but there should be none concerning the fact that the divisions exist and that they are becoming increasingly remote. It is not even news that some scientists cannot communicate with others outside their own specialties. I know of biologists who cannot understand physicists and even of organic chemists who are not sure what the inorganic chemists are talking about. Certainly that is not new. The real question is, "Who cares? What difference does it make?"

So Snow's poets and mathematicians cannot understand each other. Tough! Do any of them feel any pain? Who, besides a few unfortunate souls, will suffer without the comfort afforded by the second law of thermodynamics? Pity the economist who comprehends neither the galactic red shift nor the Greek tragedies.

But if the thesis of the liberal arts is valid it does make a difference. And it must be more than the fact that someone might change his job. It is indeed a matter of the survival of our culture but it is not enough that only the teacher appreciate it. Further it is a matter of progress. Any field which cuts itself off from all others does so at its own peril and to the detriment of all. It was only at the insistence of a physicist (with whom they were then communicating)

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that some chemists heated xenon and fluorine together making a new compound. The chemists *knew* that nothing would happen! Yet a new point of view contributed to progress in this area. According to Glenn Seaborg the great scientific advances of the future will occur in areas combining two or more sciences such as biophysics and chemical psychology. Here, at least, communication will be an absolute necessity.

I am told that Lawrence Durrell was fully aware that the mass of the electron is due solely to its charge. And what is more important, Durrell understood the significance of this and other aspects of the new physics. According to Durrell this knowledge had a significant effect on the writings of this century.

These are but isolated examples of the necessity of recognizing the universality of knowledge. We do not have a multiverse of learning but a universe. The chain of knowledge is unbroken, without end and with many cross links. The interrelationships of the various disciplines have been too long neglected. Unfortunately Snow said nothing about this aspect of the problem. We urgently need a documentation of the importance and effect of communication between whatever cultures there may be.

Although arguments based on the preservation of culture and the fullness of man should not be neglected, neither should we ignore other pertinent arguments for promoting the liberal arts. Even from a materialistic point of view liberal arts education is vital. It is neither irrelevant nor a luxury. For the well-being of any man and of all mankind it is more necessary than any single discipline.

PRM

COMMENCEMENT, AMERICAN HIGH SCHOOL, 1964

Where to begin. Begin with the question what would I most like to have known upon graduation from high school, that I did not know. Ask a friend, 40, a crack librarian and managing editor of a magazine, and he says "I would like to have known that high school didn't prepare me for a damn thing. I was simply unprepared for life. I didn't know anything." Ask a college senior, 21, graduating next week, the same question, and he says "That's a tough one. Well, I would have liked to have known what I could do. I mean, I could draw, but I didn't know then what else I could do."

I would like to argue two points with regard to these statements. First, that what seems to be a sharp criticism of high school education is not at all that. It is, actually, self criticism in large part. And secondly, I would argue that these statements (made by men 20 years different from each other) are really at bottom concerned with the same question, really say the same thing.

On the first point, while the librarian says "high school didn't prepare me for a damn thing," he modifies this by saying "I didn't know anything." This amounts to saying, "There was something being taught, something to know, but I did not learn it." The college senior's comment leads us still further on, tells us, really, what's being taught, what there is to know. He knew he was good at art, he tells us. But he did not know what else he was good at. In short, both of these men tell us that learning is what Socrates believed it to be, self-knowledge. "Know thyself." Those age old questions posed by every course in every curriculum, from philosophy to vocational agriculture. Who am I? What am I? What am I capable of? Education is, then, a matter of discovering our identities, and a man is what he does. What my friends were saying they would like to have known is that they would like to have known who they were.

My friend, the librarian, found out who he was and of what he was capable in a dozen Japanese prison camps during the second World War. They shocked open the pores of his self-awareness. And by this I don't mean that he was the victim of atrocity, but that for the first time, probably, because life went on uncertainly and at a subsistence level, it became a precious thing, to be kept going, not to be wasted.

This is education by trial.

And the student?

He came into his final year a talented musician, actor, painter, and critic of literature, and so thoroughly confused about himself that he ran off to Chicago for a week toward the end of the first semester. What he did there, I don't know. I never asked him. But he returned after his brief stay, solidly committed to theatre and literature and is off to Yale next September. He wrote a brilliant thesis, and graduated Magna Cum Laude.

This too was education by trial. In truth, all education is by trial.

The questions asked by teachers (all of whom

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are not in the classroom) and our answers to them, define us, tell us who we are and in some cases who we are not. But I am willing to bet a cup of coffee against a calf that this class of 1964 does not know itself. And this is only to say that they are no better nor worse than the rest of us at the same stage.

In America, we have inherited from the past an impossible dream of bigness.

We are great.

But altogether we do not always recognize that the big man in education, finance, farming, is not always the best man. We give lip-service to the inner depth of humankind and its development, but we do not always believe in it. Too often we admire the man with 250 acres of good soil, and give too little attention to how he got and the way he uses it. Too often we admire the educator who starts off with a joke and proceeds to tell us what we already know because he knows we like to hear it. Too often we say of the man of principle, he's a crank, a crack-pot, he should be committed. Those who go on to college and university life, and those who go into the workaday jobs will have the same problem, recognizing quality. In college, you will be snowed by the tall talkers among you, those who know. In life, you will be snowed by a host of con-men.

Is there no hope then, you may ask. Of course, there is.

Keep your eye on quality, the quality of a man's thought, of his heart; the quality of his workmanship, be he farmer, garage mechanic, or professor. Dare to live by the ideal of quality even in the face of such hot issues as sharing the world with Communism, or sharing a barber shop chair or a job with a Negro. Dare to believe in the ideals that moved the American revolution, and which many but the Negro and a few others have swept under the rug: liberty (with responsibility), fraternity (without regard to race, religion, or social position) and equality (of opportunity, and of human rights under the law).

Confront these issues in college classrooms, on the farm, or in business and you will find your identity and not without some cost.

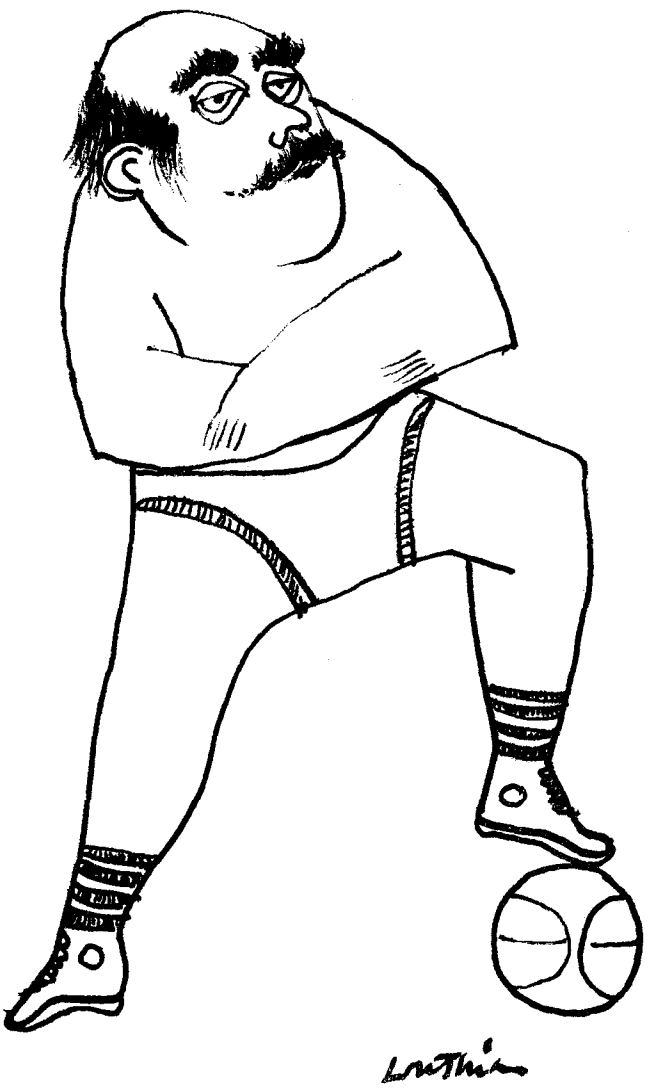
You will be continuing the process only barely begun after 12 years of state-provided education. And you will not always succeed in the struggle for self-knowledge. But contrary to American legend, it is not always the outcome that counts—value often lies in the striving.

RPD

UNREQUIRED READING

Man delights in comparing himself to other creatures. I am myself, of course, as bold as a bear, as brave as a lion, as sleek as a cat, as handsome as a peacock and as peaceful as a dove. On the other hand, my neighbor is a sly fox and a dumb ox who is as meek as a lamb and as slippery as an eel, as ugly as a toad with a voice like a frog and he is a vain peacock who lives like a pig.

Another apt comparison gets scant mention or attention. Both my neighbor and I have a strong resemblance to the unlovely ostrich. When confronted with a new thing or thought, our initial impulse is to scoff, belittle or ignore; somehow, we try to bury our heads in the sands of the familiar and to hope to hide from time and change. Man is a perfect companion to ostriches. Unless future actions demonstrate a new and massive awareness, man may soon be as dead as a dodo.



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Ours is a culture of labels and stickers and slogans and fluid ephemera. Our windows are cluttered with inexpensive and colorful decals manufactured with an adhesive coating for easy application to prominent spots. Our windows proclaim to passers-by that we gave: to erase debilitating diseases, to feed starving, homeless orphans all over the world, to help the lame, the halt, and the blind. Our wallets bulge with tax-deductible receipts. The clever labels are inexpensive. They can be bought for anything from one dollar on up. In too many cases, fifty to seventy-five cents of the dollar is eaten up by overhead and paying for the labels.

I am reminded of a fairy tale which I read so long ago that I cannot recall whether it was in Grimm, Anderson or one of the Colored Fairy books.

> Once upon a time long ago in a happy land there lived a good king. The king had a son who was the beloved of all the happy people. One day the handsome young prince died. The grieving father and all the people who loved the young prince went into deep mourning. All the laughter stopped. All the people were sad. There was no music nor singing in all the land. Everyone wore black. Everyone mourned except two drunken old crones. They did not know how to care. They were incapable of grief. They did not even stop drinking. All that they would do was to dye their brandy black.

Is it that our slogans and colorful decals are substitutes for caring? Are we incapable of grief? How many of us drink black brandy? Do you?

Hearings before the Subcommittee on Legislation of the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy, Congress of the US, First Session on AEC Authorizing Legislation, Fiscal Year 1964. April 9, 10, and May 2, 1963. GPO, Washington, 1963. $1.25. Sincere, well-intentioned lawmakers are overwhelmed by gobbledegook and mad scientists babbling about millions and millions of dollars. Though each reader must decide for himself whether to weep or laugh, entertainment is guaranteed. The script is laced with bathos and pathos. Bug-eyed, I can hardly wait for the movie. Sample scene:

"Rep Holifield: Are there questions on project 64-i-2?

Rep. Westland: Mr. Chairman.

Rep. Holifield: Mr. Westland?

Rep. Westland: Mr. Chairman, I can hear the words on the floor, "$500,000 for a doghouse." How many dogs do you have there now?

Dr. Dunham: There are facilities there now, when construction is completed, for about 360 dogs. *(Director's Note: Cut To Bottom of Page 160.)*

Rep. Westland: How long have you been working with these dogs that you have now?

Dr. Dunham: I don't believe there are any dogs there now at all, sir."

Poets and painters,
Partisan gadflies of God,
Bare-souls in public.

Books listed below will never do more for you than entertain, at least I found all of them memorably entertaining and recommend them for that sole purpose.

Croft-Cooke, Rupert. *Release The Lions.* Try your local library for this novel of 1934 about a man who felt that mankind had enjoyed an undeserved span of time in which to make something of the world and that the time has come to release the lions and give them a crack at it.

Hunter, Evan. *Buddwing.* S & S, 1964. 349 pp. $4.95. One day in the life of a New Yorker who has lost his identity, finds it and discovers again that his life is unbearable.

Farrell, H. *How Awful about Allan.* Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 1963. $3.50. This mystery is developed about a mental patient on a home visit who is suspected of a murder.

Heller, Joseph. *Catch-22.* S & S, 1961. 443 pp. $5.95. Either you like it immensely or it leaves you cold. For me, this satire on the idiotic behavior of the lot of us is one of the most enjoyable novels encountered in years.

De Vries, Peter. *Reuben, Reuben.* Boston, Little Brown, 1964. 435 pp. An uneven novel, I found the first half much funnier and much more tightly constructed than the last half; however, the reader laughs. It should be read by all who treasure laughter.

Richardson, Henry Handel. *The Fortunes of Richard Mahony.* Try your local library or second hand book dealer for this one. It chronicles the devastating disintegration of a man.

Duhamel, George. *Salavin.* This pre-WW II French novel is episodic and the hero is a foolish man who spends a lifetime in a witless effort to become a saint. Read it when you are feeling particularly satisfied with yourself.

BER

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The Buffalo Singer

William Brandon

They all piled into the pickup truck and drove every which way along the county roads, looking for Wully. Now and then one of the kids yelled from the back of the truck, "There he is!" but it always turned out to be something else, and Jesiah swore in Chickasaw. The rolling land to the west, usually shades of pearl and pumpkin, was stained with vermilion, and the sun sank inch by inch. The pickup's shadow was forty rods long, racing in a silent glide across rose-tinted greasewood and panic grass and a sailing jackrabbit. The kids stood up full length swaying dangerously and lifted their arms to make giant gestures that all but encompassed the earth. They saw someone walking a long way off that turned into Jana Penna, walking along dancing every few steps with a transistor radio held beside her ear.

She said, "I saw Wully with Granddaddy Thanko, going some place. Are you leaving right now?"

"If we can find that daggoned Wully we are," Jesiah said.

"Granddaddy Thanko had his medicine bundle," Jana Penna said. "Can I ride as far as you go toward the Center?"

"Sure, but that might not be too far," Jesiah said. "Get in here in front."

Jana Penna climbed into the cab beside what looked like a bundle of old clothes but was in reality Jesiah's father-in-law Tapatopa, wearing two overcoats and topped off by a brand new blue bandanna tied around his head. Tapatopa was very old, and so shriveled up he could hardly be seen inside all the coats and the starched bandanna, that looked like the bluebell crown purportedly worn by the King of the Fairies.

The two biggest boys crawled from the back of the truck onto the roof of the cab and hung their heads in at the window to ask Jana Penna to play her radio. Jana Penna turned it up loud playing rhythm and blues while Jesiah drove on.

When they got near the cross road to Red Sandy Hill Jesiah began slowing up to stop but

Jana Penna turned her radio down long enough to say, "I'll go along with you and see too, if you don't mind. I'm not in any big hurry to get to the Center." They both knew that if Granddaddy Thanko had his medicine bundle, then he and Wully would probably have been heading for a high place, and Red Sandy Hill was the highest place for sixty miles. Even so it wasn't very high, being only a scalded round hill with a comb of red rock on top, and anchored to the red rock a big red, white, and blue signboard advertising beer.

They found Wully and Granddaddy Thanko behind the signboard out of the wind, Wully dancing around in a circle and Granddaddy Thanko singing.

Janna Penna turned her radio down low until they could hear Granddaddy Thanko's hoarse voice over the slam-banging guitar from Tulsa.

"Tag yah he ah gap yah, tag yah he cattle yah," Granddaddy Thanko sang, more or less.

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"Sahnn sahnn, tag yah he tag yah heee, ah gap yah ah gap yah, atta atta yah yah atta atta yah yah, yah yah yah yah, atta atta yah yah."

Wully's cowboy boots, of which he was proud, stood off to one side leaning against each other like a pair of spectators. Wully's bare feet pressed delicately against the red sand, softly and quickly step by step as if kneading the earth. He was wearing his overall pants but he had taken off his shirt and piled it on top of his head like a sort of turban. Irregular black blotches of sweat soaked the seat and beltline of his pants.

The circle Wully danced went round and round like a turning wheel in front of Granddaddy Thanko, who was sitting on the ground with his medicine bundle spread open on his knees. Occasionally Granddaddy Thanko would lift up with both hands some one of the sacred objects from the medicine bundle, and offer it to the four directions and to the sky and the earth, singing all the while.

"Should I hide?" Jana Penna whispered, there being many things considered indecent for a woman, especially young and unmarried, to watch. "Naw," Jesiah said. "There ain't anything private about it or Granddaddy Thanko would of put up his sticks. Anyhow, Wully's done his vigil couple three year ago. Jest set still and Granddaddy Thanko'll let on he doesn't see you. This here is his buffalo-calling song. Wully's never learned this one, and he was wanting to."

Granddaddy Thanko stopped singing and gestured to Wully with both hands with a motion as if he was shooting a basketball. Wully turned to dancing back and forth across the circle in a straight line and then in another straight line that ran crossways to the first, and after the two lines were tramped down enough to be visible he stopped in the center of the circle and turned up his face and sang, "Koogyah koogyah koogyah koogyah, koogyah koogyah koogyah." Then he danced to each of the four ends of the straight lines and each time stopped and sang, "Koogyah," which was as near as he could pronounce the Kiowa word for grandfather, and sang it out seven times for the seven directions.

The sun had set. The rolling plain of vermilion had dried ash-gray. Afterglow drenched the sky with a wash of luminous green that drained slowly away, while a rising nearly-full moon became luminous at a corresponding rate so there was no darkness, only a shift of colors and shadows. Nighthawks appeared from nowhere, swooping and tumbling through the tranquil air. Far away, in the direction of the willow-bordered river not quite visible beyond the horizon, a car's headlights twinkled and vanished like a spark.

Granddaddy Thanko leaned forward and beat with the palms of his hands on the earth, while he sang in his hoarse voice. Wully sang a response in English because he didn't know enough Kiowa words, and then Granddaddy Thanko sang the next line and Wully answered again.

The little kids in the bed of the truck watched with round eyes, in silence. The boys on the roof of the cab watched restlessly, sometimes yawning. In the cab Jana Penna's radio murmured and whispered. Jesiah leaned with crossed arms on the steering wheel and sighed.

"Grandfather buffalo in the east, white in the east, grandfather buffalo in the north, blue in the north," Wully sang, in his melodious young voice that soared up through the night like a marble column. He danced from compass point to compass point, stopping at each to sing. "Grandfather buffalo in the west, yellow in the west, grandfather buffalo in the south, red in the south."

Moonlight coated the land with silver. A tiny owl hung motionless for a moment just above the truck, and then shot noiselessly away.

Granddaddy Thanko arranged his medicine bundle on the ground and got laboriously to his feet and walked around and about, stretching his legs. He passed by the signboard and struck it several times with his fist, booming out the rhythm.

"Grandfather come down to us, grandfather," Wully sang. "Grandfather, we call, grandfather, we call to you, come to us, come to us."

Granddaddy Thanko shouted out to prompt him, and Wully sang on without missing a beat.

"As the littlest calf, with yellow hair. As the growing calf, with dark hair. As the little buffalo, with gray horns. As the young bull buffalo, as the young cow, as the old buffalo bent with age, as all, grandfather with four legs, we call to you. Run to us, run to us, come to us, come to us, down to us, down to us, Grandfather come to us."

Granddaddy Thanko came to the driver's side of the truck and stood there for a while watching Wully. Then he spoke to Jesiah but he didn't notice Tapatopa and Jana Penna. Granddaddy Thanko wore his hair long, and part of it plaited into a pigtail that always

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fell in front of his left shoulder. A spot of red ochre, small and unobtrusive so people wouldn't make remarks, was on the lobe of his right ear. His shirt and his overall jacket were worn turned inside out, but this didn't attract much attention either, one side of an old shirt and an old overall jacket being much like the other. All these things were part of the mystic vision by which Granddaddy Thanko lived. He was as fanatical as a medieval saint about living in keeping with his vision. Most people thought he was crazy.

Wully sang:

> From the world unseen to this world that we see
> we see coming into being going into life
> the cow buffalo and the bull buffalo
> the calf buffalo and the old buffalo.

Granddaddy Thanko beat the rhythm on the truck with his fist until he hurt his hand and stopped to suck a knuckle. He was excited. He said, "Jesiah, look at that boy. Look at him."

"Yes, sir, I know." Jesiah said.

"He's no ordinary person," Granddaddy Thanko said. "He's different. Not only he feels more. He's different." He cupped his hands around his mouth to bellow instructions at Wully. "You listen to what I tell you, Jesiah. I tell you straight out. He's no ordinary person, that Wully. He's different."

"He is, yes sir," Jesiah said.

"I know pretty well," Granddaddy Thanko said mysteriously.

"I do too," Jesiah said. "Try to get him to carry in water some time, or the like of that."

"No no," Granddaddy Thanko said, in a voice of dictum. "He's no ordinary person."

"Not that he don't want to," Jesiah said. "He just don't remember any longer than you're standing there talking. His head is off somewhere. For chores he's as worthless as tits on a boar."

"You hear what I tell you," Granddaddy Thanko said. "He's nobody ordinary. That boy is somebody not ordinary."

Wully sang in a higher, wilder pitch, "The wind calls you, the grass the grass calls, the river the long river calls, oh wild buffalo." He sang so earnestly that his voice almost broke into a sob at the end of each line. "The earth calls," he sang, thudding his bare feet against the ground. "The earth remembers your footprints the earth remembers."

Granddaddy Thanko shouted out prompting again for the set piece about the tracks of the buffalo.

"In this way came the buffalo tracks," Wully sang, "the buffalo tracks that we see, that everywhere we see, for the tracks of those feet were made by life in this way, life that came in this way."

Granddaddy Thanko slapped his thighs to the beat and stamped a few solemn steps of the dance, shaking with excitement.

"Looka my adaykya," he said to Jesiah. "Look how he's got my adaykya to dance with him.

The dust hanging in the dancing circle and the moonlight shifting with each movement of Wully in the dance and each quaver of the dust made it seem that the medicine bundle was also in motion, rising and falling with Wully's quick, caressing feet.

"Now take my adaykya for an example," Granddaddy Thanko said. "He don't care for it, Wully don't, because, you know, it can't be the way it ought to be. How many adaykya did there used to be, in the real old time religion? I got just the one, and it's used for everything. Whatever I sing for, I use it, because I got a something for everything in it, all the objects. Wully don't care for that. It ain't the truth, is what he says. Oh, he's not ordinary."

"He don't mind abusing the truth when it comes to laying out of school," Jesiah said.

"That boy better not be in no school," Granddaddy Thanko said ominously. "You get him right out of there."

"He's out already."

"It's sacred things and thinking things that got to be true for him," Granddaddy Thanko explained. "I expect he couldn't stand it if he was made to do a thinking thing untrue. Like say a word. Like in Kiowa we call toadstools thunder-turds and of course nobody thinks so, but Wully, he wouldn't even say so without saying such as are *called* thunder-turds, he don't even stop to think about it he just says it or such as that whenever he talks Kiowa words or in English either or far as I know in Chickasaw too, but I reckon you know better than I do what I mean anyhow."

Jesiah had completely lost his way in whatever Granddaddy Thanko was trying to explain. He said, "I don't guess I do, but it's all right."

"These things are mysterious," Granddaddy Thanko said.

"Ah gap yah, ah gap yah, sahnn sahnn ah gap yah," Wully sang.

"You would say he was a Ki-kya," Granddaddy Thanko said proudly. He shouted out to Wully to sing now the buffalo bull songs, and

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Wully sang of how the earth rumbles to the running feet of buffalo bulls and how a buffalo bull sticks his tail straight up in the air when he is angry and then curves it lashing over his back and how terrible is his humped shoulder and how he shakes his mane when he is wounded and enraged and how his curved horns are like knife blades.

"I never knew any person like him all my life," Granddaddy Thanko said. "Ary boy or man either. Why, he could do anything, you know, I mean, in the old time religion."

Wully's voice, singing, ululated like a leaping brook.

"Just listen to that there," Granddaddy Thanko said, in such admiration that he wept, and had to wipe his eyes with the back of his hand and bend over and blow his nose with a thumb to each nostril.

"Buffalo, buffalo, let them see," sang Wully's clarion voice. Buffalo, buffalo, wild buffalo, come to us come to us, let us see."

"You are still fixing to go to Dallas, Texas," Granddaddy Thanko said suddenly to Jesiah. Jesiah had gotten so interested in listening to Wully that he didn't understand, and so he didn't answer. "You know best what you want to do," Granddaddy Thanko said.

He sounded truculent, and Jesiah was confused. He said, "About what?"

"About going away from here. Away from here he will be no good at all."

Jesiah said in despair, "Oh, Christamighty."

"You know best," Granddaddy Thanko said humbly.

"I don't want to argue with you or nobody, Granddaddy Thanko. Wully's big enough. He can do whatever he wants to. But he don't want to stay here by his own self."

"He ought to stay here, though. You believe me, Jesiah. But he feels too much about the rest of you."

"Listen, I don't want to argue about it," Jesiah said, gently pounding the steering wheel for emphasis, unconsciously in the same rhythm as the beat of Wully's dance.

"Now the little calf is born, filled with life and motion," Wully sang, correctly weaving in "Born filled with life and motion, born the newborn yellow calf standing on its feet and walks, leaving tracks, leaving footprints, buffalo, buffalo, leaving tracks."

"Away from here all his power will be gone," Granddaddy Thanko said. "In a city it will all be shut up in squares and gone."

Jesiah turned furiously to face him through the cab window and said, "What the hell are you doing trying to make an argument?"

"Now on the road of the people, now on the road of the nation," Wully sang, dancing along one of the straight lines. Let the nation see the road, buffalo buffalo let them see."

"Maybe he'll just go crazy and die," Granddaddy Thanko said, his eyes gleaming. Jesiah was shocked, and Granddaddy Thanko hurried-the final verse of the song of the buffalo tracks. ly raised both hands as if in prayer. "You know I don't want but only good for him. And you too, Jesiah. Now don't say nothing, Jesiah. You're getting mad, so don't say nothing."

Something loomed up near the truck and then whirled and bucked and trotted away down the hillside, startling the little kids in the back of the truck so that one of them cried for a minute. Jesiah half-opened the door of the cab and peered away down the hill. He said, "Somebody's old cow. I thought at first it was a buffalo.

"Maybe so," Granddaddy Thanko said. He was standing extraordinarily tall and straight in the silver moonlight and looked bewitched, like a kingly knight in shining armor who was still dazzled at being suddenly materialized.

"My grandfather the buffalo," Wully sang, really singing now in a prayer. "Sing welcome my grandfather, into the visible world, my grandfather, into this visible world, grandfather the buffalo."

"Maybe you Chickasaw people just don't feel all these things so much," Granddaddy Thanko said boldly.

Jesiah, closing the cab door, leaned out and said, "You better take that back."

"I take it back, Jesiah," Granddaddy Thanko said equably.

"You're going to end up getting me mad."

"All right, Jesiah. But what did I say so terrible? People can need all kinds of different things, that's all I said. All right, Jesiah. I'll let up on it."

"I hope to holler you will," Jesiah said.

"Into the visible world come along," sang Wully's voice, neither breaking nor out of breath but as easily and warmly as if by no effort at all, and with a note of impetus that stepped up line by line, as steadily as walking up a flight of stairs. "Come forth come forth appearing, appearing in this world we see, my grandfather the buffalo, buffalo buffalo let us see."

The biggest boy on top of the cab, Henry, who was eleven, hung over the edge of the roof and said, "Look, Dad, Wully's called one."

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Jesiah stuck his head out of the window of the cab and looked back and saw a buffalo standing no more than six or eight feet behind Granddaddy Thanko. It was a giant buffalo, its hump hunching up higher than Granddaddy Thanko's head. Moonlight sprinkled its forelock and mane with straws of silver and made the buffalo's eyes look white and blind, so that the buffalo, standing so still, had the appearance of a statue. It was enormous, it was half again bigger than any horse or cow Jesiah had ever seen. Then it moved its lower jaw, that had a beard hanging down, its lower jaw moved from side to side in a tranquil chewing motion, and the fact that it moved at all was as marvelous as if a tree should make a speech.

"Granddaddy Thanko," Jesiah said, "there's a big buffalo right behind you."

"I been having my eyes on another one across," Granddaddy Thanko said, without turning around.

A little way beyond the other side of the dance circle, beyond the hanging veil of silver dust, a shadow moved, looking as big as if the billboard was walking, and a buffalo there ambled part way around the circle of Wully's dancing and strolled off down hill, switching its tail and rolling its hipbones and hind legs with immense stateliness.

"Back to us now in this world on your road, you come again to us now in this world on your road, buffalo father in this world we can see, buffalo cow in this world on your road, buffalo calf look and see, look and see, look and see," sang Wully, and his dancing body, flinging silver drops of sweat they could see from there, pointed and pointed this way and that way in the cloud of shining dust. "Running with bounds and leaps, buffalo calf, whirling from side to side, buffalo calf, bounding, turning, running straight, little tiny buffalo, look and see."

Jana Penna said in a whisper, pulling Jesiah's sleeve, "There's some kind of things moving around all over the flats out there. It must be more of them. Can you tell?"

Wully sang exultantly,

> Buffalo bull, great and tall,
> Come here, come here, come this way
> Buffalo cow, mother, mother,
> Buffalo calf, little one, yellow one
> come here, come here, come this way,
> See them, hear them, hear their voices
> Come here, come here, come this way.

The rolling plain in the moonlight was stirring with motion, as far as the eye could see, and the sound of the stirring was audible in the night, and the sound of lowing, and the distant bellow of a bull and bleat of a calf.

"It's little bunches of buffalo all over everyplace," Jesiah said.

The great buffalo behind Granddaddy Thanko wandered away, but now there were other buffalo near enough to the hilltop to be in plain sight in the moonlight, not far from the truck and the circle of Wully's dance, bringing a strong dusty smell and a rustling undercurrent of sound, like a hundred thousand restless sleepers turning and muttering just beneath the grass.

Wully left the straight lines and went back to dancing around the circle, stopping at each compass point to cup his hand around his mouth and sing peal on peal at the top of his voice, "See them coming, this way that way, see them coming everywhere, see them, hear them, hear their voices, buffalo buffalo seven directions, buffalo buffalo everywhere.

There was a crack like a rifle shot and some of the buffalo jumped and ran in a rapid trot or gallop a little way, the quick bursts of their running beating the earth like practice flourishes of drums. The crack came from the signboard, swaying as a buffalo scratched himself by rubbing against it. A young bull running and bucking banged the signboard with a tinny crash and the signboard toppled and collapsed with a great metallic racket, and a few more buffalo leapt and ran for an instant, accelerating the drum beats.

One of the little kids in the back of the truck began to laugh. From the top of the cab Henry said, "Boy, there must be a million of them." The silver of the rolling plain was by now dissolved under the black sea of moving buffalo.

"They all look like they're going the same way," Jesiah said. "I would say they're coming up from the North Fork."

"What they're doing is they're migrating," Henry said. "Ain't that so, Granddaddy Thanko?"

"Maybe," Granddaddy Thanko said.

Wully was dancing in one spot in the center of the circle. His exalted voice sang,

> See them, hear them, see them moving,
> Hear the bulls they run like thunder,
> See the dust like smoke above them,
> See them, hear them, see them coming,
> Buffalo buffalo everywhere.

Far, far out across the plain that vibrated with movement a slender white wand shined out

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and turned end for end. There was the faint floating echo of a distant blaring horn. The white wand settled into tiny distant headlights, and the horn sounded again and again.

"That's that car we saw coming from the bridge," Jesiah said. "It's run into them."

"Koogyah koogyah koogyah koogyah, koogyah koogyah koogyah," Wully chanted. "Touch again buffalo touch again, world again buffalo world again, life again buffalo life again, buffalo buffalo everywhere."

The faraway automobile horn, shrilling incessantly, raised a wind that swept in a turbulent gust over the land, as if all the restless sleepers were springing to their feet to join Wully in the thudding rhythm of his dance. Individual buffalos near enough down the hillside to be seen ran now and then like bouncing tumbleweeds until they were stopped by running into their neighbors. The wind came again, with a sound like the resonance inside a great bass drum, a sound that rumbled resonating on and on, until the earth began to shiver gently to it, and the stanchions in the bed of the pickup truck began to rattle. The wind was the sound of the buffalo starting to run. They were trotting, those that could be seen down the hillside were trotting at a quick trot, their heads unusually low or unusually high, as if tasting the ground or tasting the air above. A bawling calf ran headlong down the hill and was absorbed in the black crowd of the bands, now moving so close together they formed one single and seemingly limitless herd.

The wind exploded in the cyclone roar of the buffalo stampeding, a roar that came like a giant train from far out across the rolling greasewood plains. They streamed past the foot of the hill in a desperate rush, running at a panicked rocking gallop, tails like flagstaffs in the air. The stanchions in the pickup rattled with the regularity of a motor to the shaking earth. Dust blurred the moon and thickened the air and coated faces and hands, but the original dusty smell of the buffalo was replaced by a still stronger sour smell of urine, the bitter smell of fear. All the expanse of land below the hill flowed with their race to escape.

The time of their going may have been five minutes or may have been an hour. For what seemed a long time afterward the world reverberated to the thundering chorus of their running. There was no further sign of the horn or headlights of the distant car out on the rolling plain.

A faint trembling still clung to the earth when Wully walked over to the truck from his dance circle. He was carrying his boots and his shirt. His body was running sweat, that in the moonlight looked like drops of mercury rolling on his skin. His skin was so streaked with dust and sweat that it looked painted.

Granddaddy Thanko took off his inside-out overall jacket and put it around Wully's shoulders, and then came up beside the cab of the truck and reached through the window of the cab and shook Jesiah's hand. Then he walked over to the dance circle to gather up his medicine bundle.

"I ought to go home and get in bed, I guess," Wully said. His teeth were chattering. He opened the door of the cab and said, "Hi, Jana Penna. I didn't know you were here."

"We can all crowd in," Jesiah said. "Granddaddy Thanko too."

"Jana and I can get in back," Wully said.

"No, ride up here. But tell those boys to get off the roof." Jesiah looked inside the coats at Tapatopa and saw the old man's eyes alight. Some time he was going to die in there, and no one would know unless they looked to see. Jesiah felt a great regard for Tapatopa, who was in fact not his father-in-law as everyone thought but had been his dead wife's first husband's grandfather. He wished Tapatopa too would shake hands with him as Granddaddy Thanko had done, but Tapatopa kept his hands buried in his coats.

They all piled into the cab, Wully still shivering although wrapped in Granddaddy Thanko's jacket and nearly buried under both Jana Penna and Granddaddy Thanko, and Jesiah drove down the hill and within the first hundred yards a skunk and a coyote, looking dazed, ran across their headlights, the coyote's tail appearing to be blown to one side as he loped along, although since the stampede there wasn't any noticeable wind. The county road was chewed up violently from the hooves of the buffalo and mired with their droppings. Jesiah had to drive along in creep low for miles.

Before they got home, a news bulletin on Jana Penna's radio reported an earthquake evidently centered in far western Oklahoma, and also reported that a hysterical refugee from a flattened oil camp was claiming it hadn't been any earthquake at all but a stampede of buffalo. The radio announcer was still making jokes about that when Tapatopa at last risked a hand outside his coats and got hold of Jana Penna's radio and turned on some rhythm and blues.

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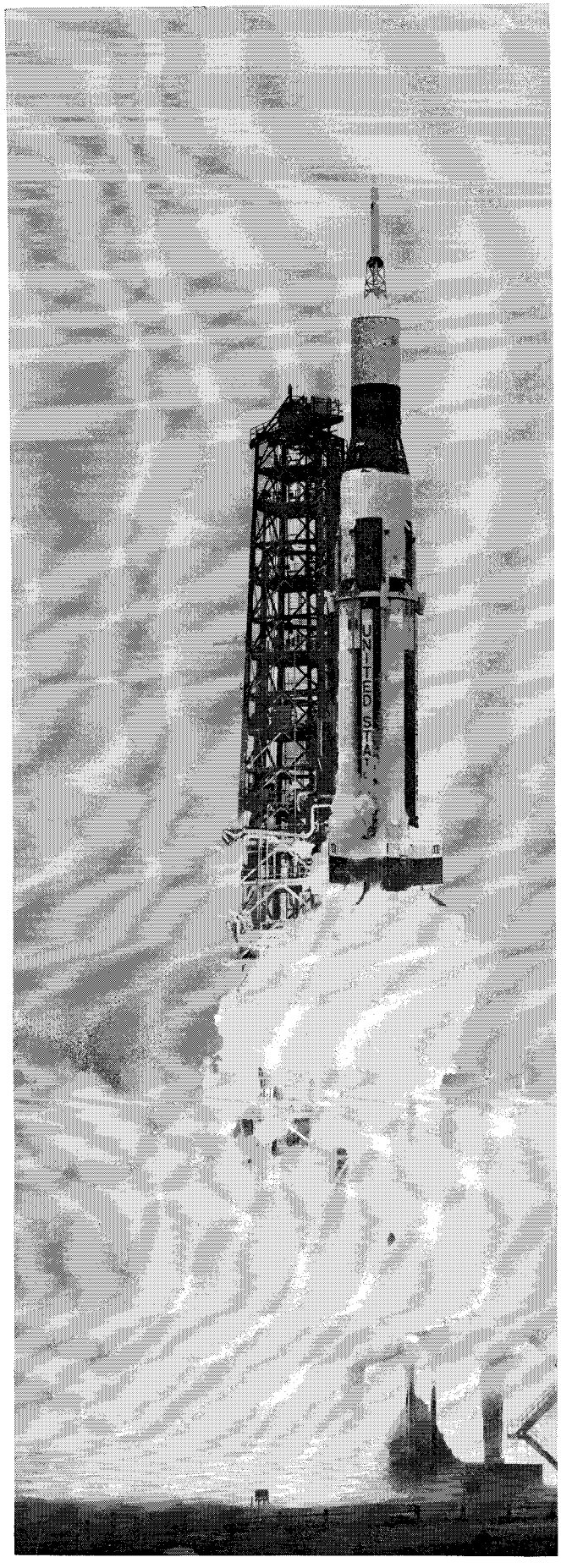

" 'Why do people have to go to the moon at all? Why can't they stay at home in front of their TV set as the good Lord intended?' "

Moon Shot

Wernher von Braun

In an address to Congress on May 25, 1961 the late President John F. Kennedy said he thought this country should commit itself to the task of landing an American on the moon and bringing him back alive before this decade is out. The public and Congress responded enthusiastically to the vision and courage of this challenge; and ever since the Congress voted us the funds, the National Aeronautics and Space Administration has been engaged in what is probably the most fascinating and most ambitious scientific and technological task ever undertaken by man.

Why is it so important for us to go to the moon? Some people say, "Why the hurry? Why must it be done in this decade? The moon has been there for a couple of hundred million years and so far nobody seemed to care. Why must we go before this decade is out?"

Not concerned with "When?" some folks don't want to be bothered by the moon at all, like the little old lady who asked, "Why do people have to go to the moon at all? Why can't they stay at home in front of their TV sets as the good Lord intended?"

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Others doubt the value of a lunar expedition. They ask, "Is it worthwhile to spend 20 billion dollars to pick up a handful of lunar dust and bring it back to earth?" If picking up a handful of lunar dust were really the whole purpose of the exercise, I doubt that I myself, for all my enthusiasm for space flight, would be in favor of this project.

But I think there's far more at stake for America in space. In the first place, there's, of course, the old answer that man is born with an innate curiosity and is just curious about what's under the rock, what's beyond the next green hills, what is at the bottom of the seas, and what does the far side of the moon look like? But again, this alone would not justify the tremendous expense involved; after all, there are many other questions that are just as interesting as the far side of the moon.

Again, I would like to quote President Kennedy. I think he put it very well when he said, "I think we must learn to sail on that new ocean out there." This is really what we're trying to accomplish. We're trying to develop a broad national space flying capability.

Now the trouble with trying to establish a hard-hitting national program for an objective as big as that of developing national space flying capability is that there's nothing to really hang your hat on. Space in itself is not a program. It's a place, and it's a very unusual place, in that it's even bigger than Texas. It has three dimensions, and all three lead to infinity; so any program, whether you spend one dollar or one billion dollars or even a billion, billion dollars on outer space, is not likely to put a dent in outer space. We have to be a little more specific.

Now, when the President of the United States says that we will land a man on the moon and bring him back alive before the decade is out, he expresses just such a precise program definition. Everybody on earth knows what the moon is, everybody knows what this decade is, and everybody can tell a live astronaut who returned from the moon from one who didn't. There can be no arguing about the task to be done, about the time schedule under which it is to be performed, and about the ultimate success or failure of the mission. But most importantly, the clear program definition now enables men like us in the space program to sit down and plan a hard-hitting long-range program. We can now schedule this thing out. We can define what facilities we need, what industrial and research teams we have to train and build up. We can price the entire program and go back to the Congress and present the bill.

And having endorsed the plan to go to the moon, the Congress is now in very much the same position that a person would be who, after a lot of soul-searching, decided to buy himself a new car. He may have wondered a long time whether he could afford it; but having signed the contract with the dealer and with the car delivered, those monthly installments come with relentless regularity. He has no other choice but to keep paying the bills or lose both the car and his previous installments.

This is precisely the situation we are now in. We have thrown our hat across the river; we have no other choice but to follow. We have made the down payments. We have already spent billions on this program, and, unless we really follow it through and see it through to the end, we will have lost all our initial investment; and all we will have accomplished would be that we have cluttered our countryside with some huge test facilities that would probably sit there as monuments to our half-heartedness.

But remember, again, we are not in this program just to go to the moon. We want to develop a true and broad national space faring capability. And the moon is solely a focusing point to implement our overall plan. It is a convenient tool around which we could design and crystallize a hard-hitting and well-defined program that will carry us through the next few critical years.

Another question that is frequently asked in connection with manned space flight is, "Will this be important for our national security?" Many people feel that while the price of developing a national space flight capability might be high, it would undoubtedly be justified, if it at least supplies us with some tool for additional protection in this age of long-range rockets and thermonuclear warheads.

Let us discuss this matter quite soberly for a moment. What is the military significance of man's space flight? It has become fashionable nowadays for many government agencies which don't have a ready answer to such an illusive problem as this one to call on what some people call "think factories"—a group of intelligent people with a better contract—to do a little crystal ball gazing and to tell them what the future holds in store.

These bright young men analyze accumulated data, assess what we are doing today, measure our rate of progress, take an azimuth on our di-

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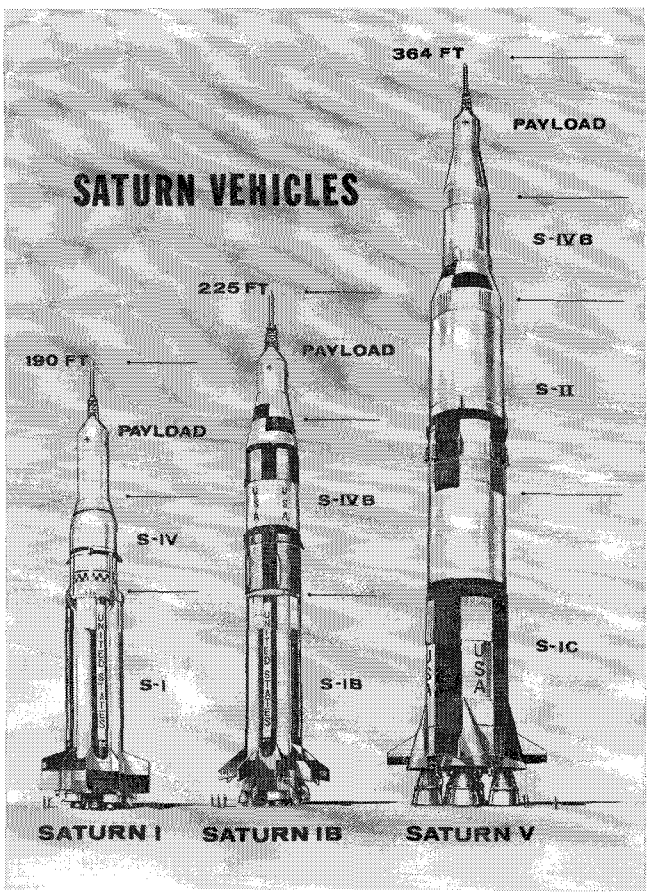
rection, examine known needs and more intangible desires, and then extrapolate this cold, hard, basic information into the vast area of possibilities and probabilities lurking in a fog-bound, undiscernible future, through assumptions. In a totally new environment like space, this is more akin to witchcraft than methodology.



I do not believe that crystal ball gazing alone will provide us a true answer to the military significance of manned space flight. Rather, I believe that the pattern used in aviation may be more helpful. The concepts of modern airpower were not developed by "think factories" under government contract doing some crystal ball gazing. Modern aviation was developed by a bunch of second lieutenants and ensigns who learned to fly.

One aviator would venture into the clouds with his pre-World War I baling-wire airplane only to find that you can't fly in the clouds without instruments. Another would persuade his group to try formation flight, and a third would hit upon the idea of using his plane to aim his weapon and to shoot through his propeller. This, of course, required synchronization between the machine gun and propeller. Yet another would put a camera on an airplane and take some photographs to see if they could be used for reconnaissance purposes. And maybe still another would fashion some wooden bombs in his back yard and drop them from an airplane to see if he could hit a target on the ground. I think it was in this fashion, by coming to grips with the reality of that new ocean of air that was being explored in the years 1903, 5, and 10, that the seed of the concept of modern airpower was laid.

And I think very much the same thing would be true with space power. It is very difficult to describe (at a time when all we have logged in outer space is 54 hours of manned flight) in every detail what military space vehicles will look like. I think the Air Force decision made a few months ago to join NASA in our program Gemini and to send a large group of young Air Force officers into an astronaut-training program, to come to grips with the realities of manned space flight and to log a thousand or maybe ten thousand hours of space flight, will finally enable us to determine what military importance space flight will have.

So much attention is drawn to NASA's space activities that its research and development work in aeronautics is often overshadowed. We must remember that the old National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics was the organizational nucleus for forming NASA in 1958. Just as its predecessor agency helped further technology for the development of military aircraft and missiles, NASA today is gathering scientific data and expanding technology which will enhance our national security when applied by the military to both aeronautics and space endeavors.

That space does have military importance can hardly be doubted even today. Our very security at this moment depends on weapons that operate in outer space. Our ICBM's, as well as the Russian ones, can travel through this medium right now The question, therefore, is not so much — Is space flight of importance to us? — but, Is manned space flight important?

Let us look at Project Mercury for a moment. What has it really taught us? Before we got into our first manned space flight project some people said, "There's nothing in outer space that automated equipment cannot explore a lot more efficiently than man. Man," these people said, "would be just a nuisance. We would have to add heavy life-support equipment to keep the man alive; and, really, when it comes to research or helping to fly the vehicle, man couldn't contribute very much, anyway."

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Yet on every single one of our Mercury flights we had some kind of equipment failure. And in every single case the astronaut aboard the spacecraft helped to find an answer by being able to read the instruments within the spacecraft, by being able to switch from one operational mode to another, by being able to communicate with the ground crew and asking, "How do I look to you? What does the telemeter say about conditions in my spacecraft?" The man aboard the spacecraft could then make the necessary adjustments. The astronaut got on top of the situation in every single case of technical difficulty.

My good friend, Robert Gilruth, who runs our sister spacecraft center in Houston, Texas, where the Mercury capsule was developed, told me the most difficult space flight he ever had in Project Mercury was the very first flight. It even preceded the sub-orbital flight of Alan Shepard on the Redstone and, of course, preceded John Glenn's first orbital flight. In this flight Bob had to fly a little monkey named Enos, and the climate in which Mercury proceeded at that time was such that Gilruth had to produce this little monkey alive after several orbits around the earth. Bob knew full well that if he could not get Enos back alive, he wouldn't get clearance to fly a man.

Now this monkey posed all the problems a man astronaut would cause. He had to be kept alive. He cost a lot of gear. And there were a lot of things that could go wrong, but Enos couldn't offer communication. You couldn't talk to a monkey and ask him, "What do your instruments show? Is that particular light green?" So here we had a payload that was very demanding, but couldn't contribute a thing. It is hardly surprising that Gilruth said, "This was the toughest flight we had in Project Mercury. Had we not gotten Enos back, there wouldn't have been a Shepard, a Grissom, a Glenn, a Carpenter or Schirra, and no Cooper."

Our Mercury experience demonstrated that man can play an important part in space flight. It is not so much that he has to fly a spacecraft like an airplane, but that he is there, that his judgment can be called upon, that he can make decisions, and that he can alter the mode of operation in case of trouble. It is for these reasons that I believe that our manned flight to the moon can really offer us a great deal of assurance. We will have three men, three brave men, in this Apollo capsule that we shall send to the moon. They will be able to make their own decisions. They will even be able to return to the earth without any communications or instructions from earth, because they will be properly equipped to do their own navigating without any support from us here on earth.

Although I have said a great deal about the possible military value of space flight, I sincerely believe that history will prove that the most significant aspect of space flight will not be its military importance, but its importance to science. It will be important in teaching us new things about the universe. Here again we are talking about an extremely illusive subject. It is obvious that our modern technology, our modern civilization, depends on new research. Research, new ideas, technologies, and materials keep industry alive. We have the highest standard of living in the world in this country, but we can hope to retain it only if we're always ahead of the rest of the world in the perfection of the things we produce. After awhile countries with lower wages may be able to produce things just as cheaply as we can. Hence, the only way we can maintain our economic position is not to lower our labor costs, but to come up with more advanced equipment. This in turn can only be the result of continued, determined research.

The mechanism by which research projects feed back into the economic growth of a country is not only difficult to understand, but more difficult to predict. It is sometimes pathetic to see that some of the greatest minds on earth, people who have made the most fabulous revelations, are sometimes ridiculously and tragically wrong when they attempt to predict what will turn out to be the really important thing about their discovery for society.

Let me just give a short example here. About 60 years ago, astrophysicists wondered about what kept the sun hot. A simple calculation indicated that the sun, radiating out into the universe all the time, was losing energy at the terrifying rate of about 10^{23} kilowatts. Now that is a one with twenty-three zeroes, and a kilowatt is approximately a horsepower. And again an easy calculation showed that if the sun were losing energy at this rate without being able to replenish it somehow, it would visibly cool off, even within a few hundred years. Yet there was evidence that the sun must have been as hot a million years ago as today.

"So what keeps the sun hot?" these men asked themselves. Soon somebody discovered some new lines in the solar spectrum and determined thta these must be due to an element not then

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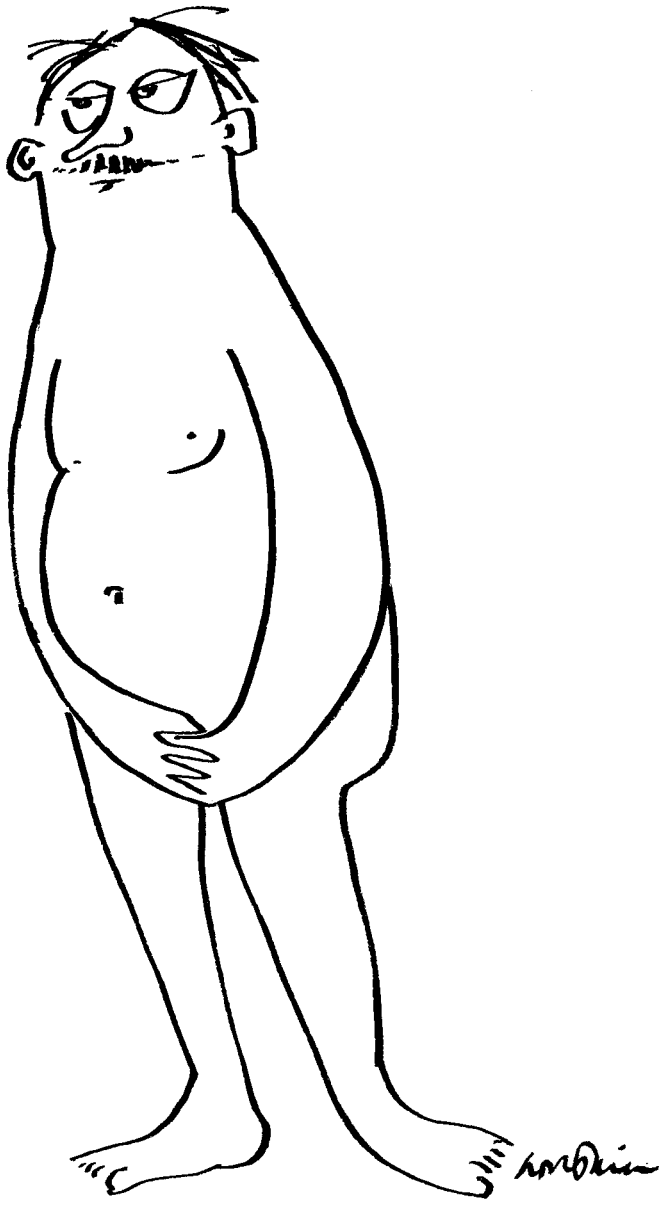
known on earth. We now call this element helium, after helios, which means "sun" in Greek. Then a theory was developed which proposed that helium was being formed in the center of the sun where temperatures of many millions of degrees exist, much higher than on the sun's surface. In addition, the pressures near the sun's center must be enormous — many millions of atmospheres — so that the atoms are very closely spaced. Under these conditions, there is a great probability, they theorized, that hydrogen atoms will fuse together, forming helium. Atomic physicists thought that in this process a large amount of energy would be released. This process became known as thermonuclear fusion. We all know what happened when man about 30 or 40 years later succeeded for the first time in duplicating this little trick on earth. A whole island in the Pacific disappeared when the first hydrogen bomb went off.

Recently in our national laboratory at Oak Ridge, after approximately 15 years of very frustrating efforts along these lines, the first successful test was made which produced a considerable amount of thermonuclear reaction in the laboratory under conditions other than that of a bomb. Although a considerable amount of engineering is still required, the men involved in this program believe that they really have accomplished a breakthrough which will ultimately enable them to build a device that can perform the miracle of converting thermonuclear energy more or less directly into electricity. If these hopes are borne out, and I have no doubt that they will be, most of us will see the day when the price of the kilowatt hour will be cut to a minute fraction of what it is today.

There's probably no better yardstick for the standard of living of a country than the price of electricity — because it determines better than anything else how many electrical slaves, as it were, man can afford to do his menial chores, to run his icebox, heat his house, cool his house, and maybe one fine day even power the electric automobile that is plugged into the extension cord. So here we can see the unpredictability of this amazing chain of progress in science and technology. Once there were some astrophysicists looking at the sun and wondering what kept it hot, a question that could hardly be expected to be significant in the opinion of the majority of the people. And yet in the wake of this discovery we find not only a mechanism that explains how the universe itself propagates, how new stars are born, but which also led us to the invention of the most terrifying weapon ever made by man, the hydrogen bomb. Again, in the wake of the weapons development, we seem to have found the bonanza that will really do a great deal for the well-being of everybody, namely, cheap electrical power.

Now we are mere observers of the miracles of the universe, looking at them through what some people have called the "dirty basement window of our atmosphere." Once we can really travel deeply into space, once we can explore the entire spectrum of radiation that impinges on our earth from the universe, we shall receive such benefits in knowledge, wonder, and resources that the price of our present space program will appear puny in comparison with the payoff.



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Take a trip to the nearest star, and you'll return thirty years younger than your brother.

Time-Travel: One Way

Isaac Asimov

In 1905, Albert Einstein advanced a new way of looking at the universe that seemed to transcend and subvert "common sense": It seemed a weird outlook indeed, one in which objects changed as they moved, growing shorter and more massive. In the new outlook, what one person would see and measure and swear to, another person would not. All our most cherished certainties seemed to dissolve.

The only consolation the average man could count on was that under ordinary circumstances, the new changeability was so small, it could be ignored.

Suppose we begin, for instance, by constructing an imaginary freight train which, when standing still, is exactly one mile long and exactly one million tons in mass. If it were to chug past us at sixty miles an hour, and if we could make the necessary measurements accurately enough while it was moving, we would find that it had shortened by a ten-billionth of an inch and had become more massive by a hundred-thousandth of an ounce.

A person on the freight train, however, making the same measurements, would find the length and mass of the train unchanged. To him it would still be exactly one mile long and exactly one million tons in mass. In fact, as far as the man on the train was concerned, we ourselves (the observers watching the train) would be the ones who were slightly distorted in shape and mass.

But who in blazes is going to argue over billionths of inches and ounces? It might seem that a complicated new view of the universe involving such insignificant changes is scarcely worth the trouble.

Yet the changes are not always insignificant. Just a few years before Einstein had advanced his theory, it had been found that radioactive atoms were shooting out tiny sub-atomic particles that travelled at velocities far greater than that of our imaginary freight-train. The velocities of the sub-atomic particles were anywhere from 10,000 to 186,000 miles *per second*. For them, length and mass changed drastically; changed enough to notice and measure; changed enough so that it was impossible to ignore the matter. The old notion, then, of a universe in which length and mass were unaffected by motion had to be abandoned. Einstein's outlook had to be adopted instead.

* * *

Of course, if we imagine freight-trains, or anything else, taking up velocities so great as to make changes in length and mass really noticeable, they will escape from the earth's gravitational field at once. We would find ourselves in outer space and, since that is so, we might as well imagine ourselves out there to begin with.

Let's imagine ourselves on a space-ship named A, which is 1,000 feet long and has a mass of 1,000 tons. Passing us, at 162,000 miles per second, is the sister-ship, B, which was built to have the same length and mass as A.

As B passes us, we use some sophisticated device to measure its length and its mass and we find that it is only 500 feet long and has a mass of 2,000 tons. It has, in other words, halved its length and doubled its mass.

We at once radio B and tell them this but B informs us that by their own measurements, it has not changed at all. In fact, as they passed us, they measured us and found that it was *we*, A, that was only 500 feet long and fully 2,000 tons in mass.

The ships change course, approach, and rest side by side. Measurements are made and both ships are found to be normal. Both are 1,000 feet long and 1,000 tons in mass.

Which set of measurements was correct? The answer is that all were. Measurements, remem-

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ber, change with motion. To the crew of A, it seemed that B was flashing past in the forward direction at 162,000 miles per second; and to B it seemed that A was flashing past in the backward direction at 162,000 miles per second. Each observed the other moving at this particular velocity and each measured the other as half-length and double-mass. Once the ships were side by side, however, each would consider the other motionless and the measurements revert to "normal."

If you still insist on asking, "But *did* ship A shorten or didn't it?" then consider that in making a measurement, you are not necessarily checking "reality." You are merely reading the setting of a pointer, and this setting can vary under different conditions.

* * *

Einstein's theory involves more than length and mass; it involves time as well. According to Einstein, everything on a moving object slows down. The pendulum of a clock in motion moves more slowly; the hair-spring of a watch pulsates in more leisurely fashion. All motion slows.

But it is periodic motion that we measure time by; some regular vibration, pulsation or beat. If all these motions, by which we measure time, slow down, then we have every right to say that time itself slows down.

To some people, this seems harder to swallow than Einsteinian changes in length and mass. Length and mass are, after all, changeable in some ways. We can make an object shorter by hammering it; we can make it lighter by letting some of its water content evaporate. But nothing we know can change the rate at which time moves. We take it for granted that the time-rate is something immutable; something which, oblivious to all things, proceeds unalterably on its way.

And yet — Einstein's postulated change in time-rate with motion has actually been measured. Even with velocities of a few inches per second, the Mossbauer effect enables us to measure the excessively minute changes in time-rate. Again, though, subatomic particles offer us velocities great enough to make the change easily measurable and quite significant.

Thus, there is a particle called the mu-meson which lasts for two micro-seconds (a micro-second is a millionth of a second) before breaking down. At least, it lasts two micro-seconds if it is moving at moderate speeds. Sometimes, however, a mu-meson is formed high in the atmosphere by cosmic rays and, in the shock of creation, comes streaking downward toward earth's surface at a velocity of over 180,000 miles a second.

If the mu-meson retained a lifetime of two micro-seconds at that speed, it ought to have time to move only about 1700 feet. Since it is formed miles high in the atmosphere it should, therefore, never last long enough to reach us here on the earth's surface.

But it *does* reach us. A really fast mu-meson can travel three miles or more before breaking down. This can be explained by supposing that time slows down for it. It still lives two micro-seconds by its own reckoning, but these are now (according to an earth-bound observer) very slow micro-seconds that stretch out over twenty ordinary micro-seconds.

The change in time-rate exhibited by the mu-meson exactly fits Einstein's prediction and so we must accept time as not an immutable thing but as something with properties that depend on one's point of view.

* * *

Let's return to our spaceships A and B again, then. Once more, we suppose B to be flashing past A and we can further imagine that there is an instrument on board A which enables its crew to observe a clock on B for exactly one hour by A's clock.

The clock on B will seem slow to the observing crew, because B is moving. After one hour by A's clock, the clock on board B will have recorded a bit less than an hour. The faster B is moving, the slower its time-rate and the less time will be recorded by B's clock as having elapsed.

There is a formula that can be used to work out the slowing of time-rate with motion and its use yields the following table:

Velocity of B with Respect to A (miles/second) A's Clock)	Time Elapsed on B's Clock in 1 Hour by
1,000	59 min. 50 sec.
50,000	57 min. 47 sec.
100,000	52 min. 18 sec.
120,000	45 min. 54 sec.
140,000	39 min. 36 sec.
160,000	30 min. 40 sec.
170,000	24 min. 25 sec.
180,000	12 min. 13 sec.
185,000	7 min. 48 sec.
186,200	1 min. 51 sec.
186,272	0 min. 0 sec.

And what happens if B travels past A at a velocity faster than 186,272 miles per second? Does its clock register less than no time? Does it start going backward?

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No, we can avoid the possibility of time traveling backward for 186,272 miles per second is the maximum possible relative velocity that can be measured. That is the velocity of light in a vacuum and, according to Einstein's theory, that relative velocity cannot be exceeded by material objects.

* * *

But there is one thing we must not forget. The crew on A observes B flashing past in the forward direction, but the crew on B observes A flashing past in the backward direction. To each crew, it is the other ship that is moving. So if the crew of B measured the clock on board A they would find *that* clock, A's clock, to be running slow.

This is serious; much more serious than the disagreement on length and mass which was mentioned earlier. To be sure, if two ships got together after a length-mass experiment we could imagine their crews arguing:

"When you passed us, you were shorter and heavier than I was."

"No, no, when *you* passed *me, you* were shorter and heavier than *I* was."

"No, no—"

An argument such as this can't be settled and doesn't have to be. If an object shrinks to half its length and then returns to normal or if it doubles in mass and then returns to normal, its adventure leaves no mark. There is no trace left behind to show whether it shrank temporarily or not, or whether it grew temporarily heavy or not. Arguments over that are futile and therefore unnecessary.

But if the clock on one ship is running slower than the clock on the other ship, then, when the two ships get together, *the clocks ought to bear the record of that*. If the two clocks were synchronized at the start of the experiment, they should no longer be synchronized at the end.

Let's say that one clock, because of the slowing of its time-rate, lost a total of one hour. Therefore, when the ships come together again, one clock should say 2:15 if the other says 3:15.

But which clock says which time? The crew on A swears that the clock on B was slow, while the crew on B swears just as vehemently that the clock on A was slow. Each group of men fully expects that the other clock will be one hour behind their own clock.

Since both can't be right, this seems an insoluble dilemma and this is called the "clock paradox."

Actually, it isn't a paradox at all. If one ship just flashed by the other and both crews swore the other ship's clock was slow, it wouldn't matter which clock was "really" slow, because the two ships would separate forever. The two clocks would never be brought to the same place at the same time in order to be matched, and the clock paradox would never arise.

On the other hand, suppose the two ships *did* come together after the flash-past so that the clocks *could* be compared. In order for that to happen, something new must be added. At least one ship must accelerate; that is, change its velocity. If it is B that does so, it must travel in a huge curve, point itself back toward A and then slow down to the point where it could hang motionless next to A.

This action of acceleration (according to the theory) makes it possible for all observers to agree that it is the accelerating ship, in this case B, that experiences the slowing of time-ratio. It is B's clock that registers 2:15, while A's registers 3:15.

If on the other hand, B had kept speeding onward at unchanging velocity, while A suddenly accelerated in order to chase after B and catch up with it, that acceleration would have made it possible for all observers to agree that it was A's clock that was slowed.

* * *

This effect, whereby all observers can agree that it is the accelerated object that has undergone the slowing of the time-rate, is called time-dilatation, and it has an application to the Space Age.

The nearest star, Alpha Centauri, is just about 4¼ light-years away, a distance that comes to 25,000,000,000,000 (twenty-five trillion) miles. By "light-year" is meant the distance that can be traversed by light (in a vacuum) in one year. And since the velocity of light is the ultimate speed limit, it might seem that a trip from here to Alpha Centauri can never take less than 4¼ years.

In actual fact, a space ship cannot reach velocities approaching that of light except by a long and gradual acceleration so that for a considerable period of time it travels at much below the velocity of light and should therefore take considerably longer than 4¼ years to reach Alpha Centauri.

Actually, thanks to time-dilatation, this is not quite so. Suppose the ship accelerates at 1 *g*, an acceleration at which the crewmen will experience a feeling of weight (directed toward the rear of the ship) equal to that which they feel

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here on the earth. The combination of acceleration and rapid velocity introduces a slowing of time-rate upon which all observers can agree.

To us on the earth, ten years might elapse while the space-ship is *en route,* but to the crew on board ship, measuring the time lapse with clocks that move more and more slowly as their velocity increases, only 3½ years pass before they reach Alpha Centauri.

As they continue to accelerate and their velocity approaches that of light more and more closely (though never quite matching the velocity of light) the time dilatation effect becomes greater and greater. The ship can then cover perfectly amazing distances in what seems a comparatively short time to the crew.

Remember, however, that the time-dilatation effect is taking place only on the ship; not on the earth which continues at its accustomed velocity and which experiences time in the usual fashion. The time-lapse which is short for the slow-time men on shipboard is therefore long for the fast-time men on the earth.

This can be shown dramatically by means of the following table which applies to a ship travelling out from the earth at a continual acceleration of 1 *g*.

Destination	Time Lapse (Years) on ship	on the earth
Alpha Centauri	3.5	10
Vega	7	30
Pleiades	11	500
Center of the Milky Way	21	50,000
Magellanic Clouds	24	150,000
Andromeda Galaxy	28	2,000,000

So we can picture our astronauts visiting not only other stars, but other galaxies in a mere quarter century.

And this quarter century is not just a matter of clock-measurement. It is not just the clock or other time-telling device that slows down on board an accelerating ship; *all* motion slows down. All atomic motion and therefore the rate of all chemical action, including that within an astronaut's body, slows down. Body chemistry proceeds at a slower rate. The mind thinks and experiences more slowly.

This means that under the effect of time-dilatation on the trip to the Andromeda Galaxy, the astronauts not only measure the time lapse as 28 years, but *experience* the time lapse as 28 years. What's more, their bodies age 28 years and no more even though, in that same interval of time, two million years pass on earth.

Furthermore, this time dilatation effect is something to which all observers can agree, so that if the astronauts were to return to earth, the earthmen of millions of years hence would have to admit that the astronauts had not aged more than a few decades.

* * *

This is the foundation of the "twin paradox." Suppose that a person heads out on a spaceship, which accelerates steadily to high velocities, while his twin brother stays at home. The traveling brother gradually slows, comes to a halt, turns, speeds up and slows down again while returning to earth. Thanks to time-dilatation, he ages 10 years while his stay-at-home brother (along with everyone else on the earth) ages 40 years. When the traveler returns, he is 30 years younger than his twin brother.

Mind you, the traveler has *not* been rejuvenated, he has *not* grown younger. It is impossible for time to move backwards, and the traveler has simply aged less rapidly than he would if he had stayed put.

Nor has the traveler extended his life-span. If both he and his stay-at-home brother lived to a physiological age of 70, then the stay-at-home might die in the year (let us say) 2050, while the traveler survives to 2080. Still, though the traveler witnesses thirty years of events after his brother's death, he has not experienced thirty years more all told. While he was on his travels he was experiencing only ten years while his stay-at-home brother was experiencing forty. Both would die with exactly seventy years of memories.

Even if the traveling brother had gone to Andromeda and back and had eventually died millions of years after his stay-at-home brother, both would have experienced just 70 years of life and memories.

Of course, there are experiences and experiences. There is something attractive about the thought of 70 years spent in moving out into space and back, touching the earth, let us say, at fifty-thousand-year intervals (earth-time). There is not only the experience of space-travel, but also the experience of what is virtually time-travel. Such a space-hopping astronaut would have the ability to witness mankind's future history vastly telescoped.

However, there is one drawback to this. Time-travel by way of the twin paradox is one-way only — toward the future. Once having set out along the road of time dilatation, you cannot repent, you cannot return. The century of your birth will be gone forever and there will be no going back.

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Out of Work, Out of Touch, Out of Sorts

Dupont Circle, Washington, D. C.
(Summer 1962)

Already past mid-June,
And something should be done;
I sit all afternoon,
Feeling both out of touch
And out of sorts, and sun
Myself on a bench near
The fountain; there's not much
On a temporary basis
That I know how to do.
What will my coming here,
Summer spent, amount to?
One of my wild-goose chases?

Carved on the fountain's base
Are the bare name and dates
Of the man whom this place,
A wreath of water, leaf,
And stone, commemorates;
Wind, Ocean, Stars as three
Figures in high relief
Circle the shaft. The hand
That undertook this story
For the passersby and me
Lost it in allegory —
The thing is much too grand.

The passersby pass by.
They look instead at me
Or those they meet, as I
At them; the admiral
Himself would no doubt be
Surprised were he to pass
His lost memorial.
The mere water striking
The bowl's edges, the trim
Bushes, young leaves and grass,
Which also might please him,
Is much more to our liking.

All winter long this scene —
The walks, spokes of a wheel,
The civil white and green
Of everyday concerns,
The circle like a reel
On which the gigantic thread
Of traffic sings and turns,
The staid fountain's commotion —
Turned in my mind and brought,
For every move that led
Forward, a quicker thought
In steady countermotion.

Images of the past
Simplify as they grow
Centrifugal and vast:
The days all run together;
The long, eccentric snow
Of being somewhere else
Falls through perfect weather;
Starlings once seen flying —
Paired wings, wing upon wing,
With the wild, irregular pulse
Of love in late-found spring —
Circle together, crying.

Nothing is quite like that —
This city, least of all;
I think of the times I've sat
In the shadow of events
Faceless, impersonal.
What stone colossus' hands
Altered the private sense
Of how much one can master?
That others also grope
Shapes what one understands,
Facing the downward slope
Of a decade's near-disaster.

I almost learned for once
To take things as they come;
So now the eye confronts,
Not the past spun beyond
Itself, but the humdrum
Comings and goings of such
As momently respond
Only to what is living,
Momently changed within.
I sense, almost in touch,
But minding what has been,
The present's gift of giving.

Catherine Davis

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A young Mississippi writer sees American racial prejudice as part of an almost timeless White conspiracy against colored races everywhere.

Robert U. Jones

Colorism and Communism:

The Plot Against the Negro

Suppose a middle-aged high mulatto collegeproduct who janits for the National Government is buying on credit his first second-hand car. Suppose the youngish, high-school car salesman gets nasty about it when he discovers the other earns a little more than himself. We pretend the salesman did not get angry, and was not nasty at all. Or if we allow that the salesman does get angry, we pretend it is mainly because the other (*as a lowly janitor* instead of, say, as an engineer) is enabled to almost equally as well provide for the table and bodies of his family.

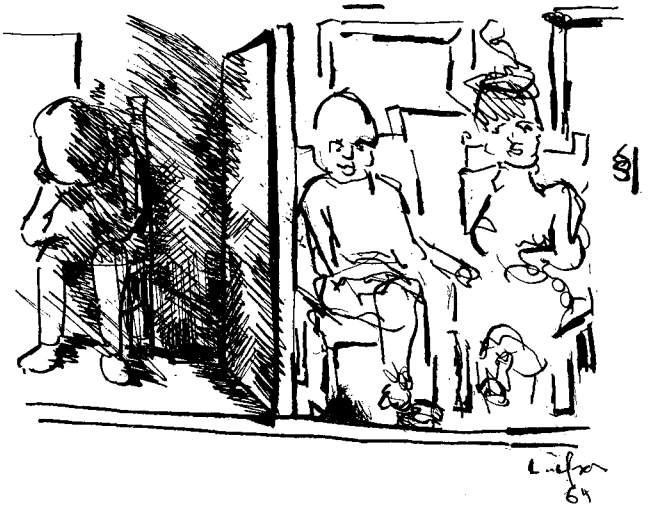
Suppose a more-or-less unnoticed woman alarms the neighborhood one day with shouts of rape or attempted rape by some vague Negro or "greasy man." We traditionally pretend that the case is always and without exception just exactly as the woman has said.

Suppose police or other public officials single a particular group out for bearing down on in the pursuit of their lean daily lives. We either pretend that such doesn't happen at all in America, or that it doesn't happen in the majority of similar cases. Also, that in all the other cases we are always steadily working at making, and actually making, progress.

Suppose a Colored needs the attention of a doctor, enters by the back, sits out of the presence of all whites, and finally enters the professional's common office to be attended with the same antiseptic equipment as anybody else. We pretend that none of our proudest-boasted values have been desecrated in a spectacle like this. Nobody's sense of intelligence violated. Nobody's human dignity or interests hurt, nor intended to be hurt. We pretend this and require me and my colored brethren to go along with the pretense on pain of suffering unattended, of a head battering, of imprisonment, of death. Or, maybe, all four, if me and mine too much persist.

Some of the reasonings by which white Americans traditionally try to justify the pretensions in America's own particular guilty area of behavior towards and dealings with the Negro among other different skin-groups who happen to occupy the same piece of Western geography with themselves are these.

REASONING ONE: One will say it's "your" (meaning "you Negroes's") morality you know that's the nigger in the woodpile of all this. Now I am at least as much in favor of the need of improving morals as the next man, let me say right off. But at the same time a white accuses thus, the scientific studies of the late Dr. Kinsey advise along this line: Sexual misbehavior before and after marriage among white males as of the clear, clean date of 1948 was running 85 and 50 percent even in the so-thought "middle-class Mid-West." A series of NEA reports on morals even in Washington, among whites (for a change), said some untidy things about lonely young-women secretaries, drinking habits, and straying old men. Traffic in liquor last year accounted for a known 21,000 jobs in the nation's only officially dry state, yet! The FBI's J. Edgar Hoover is forever reporting and lamenting a



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steep growth in crime that every year for some time now outruns the growth rate for our whole population by four or five times. And what else does a person mean when he says the word morality nowadays besides sex, drink, or crime? A lot of fuss is made about the sad fact of illegitimacy. But the Biblical commandment comes against the act itself, not, I think, against, or just against, the result.

Actually, what is behind this argument that is a cunning is two-pronged. One prong starts out from the nation's professed roots in religion itself. It is an attempt to make whatever someone feels he has to do seem rational, just, and deserving of a good name. As used here it pretends to base itself on the Bible warning, elsewhere mostly rejected, that the Christ-like man will in some cases shun and slight. On the other side it is intended to and does have the effect of giving the Negro himself a deep feeling of his own non-worth. The other prong is the neat little one of turning the tables on someone by stealing a piece of his own thunder or a page out of his book. This one recognizes that the Negro's argument against his white fellows must be chiefly a moral one, and goes on from there to beat him to the punch.

There is another purpose of this argument, too, that is quite as important as any of the rest, as racist white people use it. Problems of morality like killing, adultery, and strong drink have not been solved for anybody else in the 6,000 and more years of the Bible or since. The still additional purpose of the morality argument, then, is to give Negroes some nice ageless and endless something to occupy themselves with. Also to shy and steer them away from any thoughts of forceful solutions by placing upon them as heavy a burden of guilt as possible to begin with.

The unfunny funny thing about all this, as I say, is that Negroes are having urged upon them the direct opposite of the mode of behavior the ruling whites themselves used in overcoming them. Which is of course only another old-as-the-hills staple bit of the *ins* demonstrated several times in anyone's lifetime in the quickie government lands of South America and the Near East. In any other case Americans nowadays would be powder-quick to say, "Don't judge!" and to criticize anyone who set up for an arbiter of the other fellow's morals.

A key question should always be asked in all such propositions as these. The question has to do with those failings which Coloreds themselves are said to be guilty of. It is this: If the particular failing could be removed or proved not to exist, would the objector then be in favor of taking the Colored fully into the bosom of the American dream? Or maybe this companion question: Is your interest or concern really of such a nature and degree that you would be willing to put yourself out a little to help? I mean not just a spare dollar or a visit or two to be undercut somewhere else, but I mean *really* help? And another more directly in order to our search here: How does it do at explaining all the other samplings of behavior given here?

With regard at least to the last part of the first question about helping, that the answer would be, mostly, "They would not!" I know from personal experience I have had here in Corinth, Mississippi. Experience conducted at least partly as an experiment, to satisfy the longing and the cautiousness, the doubts and desires of my own being in the first place. On the contrary, we have the ambiguous word of those few different, brave, scientific Southern ones like Odum, Cason, or Cash (*The Mind of the South,* 1941) who tell us this. That every campaign that has ever been discussed by Southern whites for the betterment of their own morals has always been dropped. All met their fate, unborn, on somebody's unfailing suggestion that if such a campaign were ever to be really undertaken it might help the Negroes too. As for the second, more proper question of how the sample of reasoning under study does at explaining all of the facts of behavior given here, the answer is, not well at all. By the standards of either our basis of morality, the Christian Bible, or observings from common everyday life, What for example, has morality got to do with the right to own a nice car? Some case could be made out from this starting point for a woman's screams of having been attacked herself, but what about her men's lusting after the Negro women themselves? Some might be made out for very great police watching, but none for either the public claim of harmony or the fact of white providing of the means of vice at the same time. A case for not wanting a Negro near one's self, period. But none for turning around and welcoming him under certain even nearer but, set conditions? as in a kitchen, nursery, cafe, or doctor's offices. And so the up and down path of it goes on with trying to make any general use of this morality argument.

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REASONING TWO: Another commoner will say in one breath that womanhood must be protected. And in the next that the purity of the races must be maintained. But who can deny the plain testimony of their eyes that the Negro educator and debater could already rightly ask of the white man in 1905, "Whence comes this stream of white blood, which flows with more or less density, in the veins of some six out of ten million, or 60 percent of, Negroes?" For of course the right of the master and the manager to the riper slave girl always was, if not one of the main, one of the added attractions of any slavery as of any even lesser oppression. So that by today, according to sources like *Fortune* magazine in recent years, 80 to 95 percent of all American Negroes have admixtures of white blood strong enough to be seen. And mostly under the cover of dark and quiet, by night, the admixing still goes on. It can be seen in the streets of almost any fair-sized American city almost any summer night. To be sure, the principle of forbidden fruit being always sweeter and on the other side of the fence the pasture always greener works both ways. But is there any doubt in the mind of any reading this about which side it has worked from most? And is womanhood any the less violated, black or white, or the purity of the races any the less affected for the mixing of blood taking place from the male of the white?

It is a bitter commentary on this whole posture of protecting the purity of the races that the following statement is true. There is no American Negro male of any experience who has not had some female almost taken or actually taken from him before his very eyes in the streets of cities both North and South by night. "Night time integration," as Negroes jokingly say among themselves. And this despite the fact that the attractions of the female of the white get more publicity than any other one single item before in the history of the world.

Besides, the idea of race or blood purity is not supported by either Bible or science. Here in another case of agreement rare for the degree of its clearness they both agree we all came, in the beginning, somehow, from one common stock. Our blood does and has mingled ever since. There is scarcely a farmer these days, no matter how far back in the sticks, who has not had experience of the advantages of hybrid (that is half-breed) corn and cross-bred cattle.

But now let the key question of disproving or removing objections, or helping, and a willingness to change be put. The attitude of course remains untouched. And a person can deny a lot in all this scuffle and discussion. But one thing that remains and cannot be explained away or denied is this. I am myself both medium brownskinned and high cheekboned, but with freckles underneath. As does almost every Negro who has not broken off his roots in the South, I know some of the whites whose blood I have. How is it that we now are half white who once recently were not?

The other, more proper question, of how the Reasoning under discussion does at explaining all the other facts of behavior given here, fares no better. The sorry pass with it is, as we have already shown, even in discussing Morality, it cannot get us even out of the whole of this same second Reasoning by explaining the contrary fact of white men's allowed counter lust. Nothing said of turning a Negro away from church after great lengths of efforts to convert him, otherwise providing him the means of stirring vice, and things like that.

What is at the very bottom of all three of the above first Arguments, of course, is the white man's bad conscience on this appetite score aggravated by an enmeshing fantasy quite largely of his own creation. The whole question of sex is more important to the problem of race relations and any solution of it than is commonly acknowledged in the more cultured discussion. The very fact of its pointed omission by general agreement may be taken as proof of this. Not so in common parlance where the staple clincher "You wouldn't want one marrying (courting) your daughter, would you?" quickly comes. But in either case the reaction may only further prove against both sides what the proverb and the psychologist counsel: That we often fear what we most desire.

REASONING THREE OR FOUR: No polltaker I know has gone into this. But by my own observation after morality and the protection of womanhood and race as justifyings comes either one or the other of these. "You want it that way" or "It's prejudice, then: an individual thing, don't you know."

But let a white man ask himself this question. Would he want only the crumbs, rumble seats, and leavings of the abundance of the earth if he was in the Negro's place instead of his own? Or as the late President Kennedy put it in a speech on the night after the face-down at the University of Alabama, if everything is so all right, "Who of you would want to change places? Destined not only to do so yourself but to see and even to help to see to it that your

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children and your children's children also drink of the bitter pot?" And if it is really only prejudice of the individual, why does almost nobody questioned directly admit it of himself? but passes it on to the backs of somebody else? Or how accept certain Negroes or on particular terms, even to the suckling of their women's breasts, as most Southern white gentlemen formerly did? Or do either of these suggestions of solution explain all the rest of what has been given here? How does prejudice, or the Negro's wanting it that way, explain the more emancipated doctor's part in that bit about his office, for example?

Others will say it's ignorance, or not knowing, for which the answer is, of course, education. But is not the steady stream of purged and exiled ministers and professors from the South, of late years in especial, proof enough that any solution along these lines won't even willingly be *allowed?* To say nothing of helped along. Besides, a prophet who penned in the later Nineteenth Century one of the main pieces upon which race misuse is based was in his time an educated man. The French Count de Gobineau, author of an "Essay upon the Inequality of the Human Races," was of the highest classes of society besides. Virginius Dabney has in connection with the starter of the Atlanta Riot, (1907), mentioned a similar somewhat more modern example. Educated and in high place by common understanding also was the speaker who said this: "I am not now nor ever have been in favor of bringing about in any way the social and political equality of the white and black races. I am not now nor ever have been in favor of making voters out of free Negroes, or jurors, or qualifying them to hold office, or having them marry white people."

"I will say, in addition, that there is a physical difference between the white and black race which I suppose will forever forbid the two races being together upon terms of social and political equality and, inasmuch as they cannot so live, that while they remain together, there must be the superior and inferior, and I as much as any man am in favor of the superior being assigned to the white man." And this speaker was, at least until the arrival on the scene of the late President Kennedy, that most admired of public white men, interracially speaking, none other than the Great Emancipator, Abe Lincoln of Illinois, himself, as every White Supremacist rushes to point you out these days. While Lincoln's next closest rival, Thomas Jefferson, the author of the American Declaration of Independence which before purging damned the traffic in human beings in so many words, nevertheless kept slaves. Further still, as the first fashioners of Communism underestimated to their sorrow, total education of population even of one generation in one country is a task that so far has never yet been got close to doing. And if ever done it won't be liable to being inherited or handed on.

I could go on setting them up and knocking them down. I remember C. H. Thompson of Howard University, I believe it was, doing this to me about possible solutions when I was younger. I remember what a crushing and utterly bewildering experience it is for a thoughtful young Negro trying to figure a way out. If all these are only good-, friendly-, and honorable-sounding reasons and none is the real one for withholding from Coloreds their "inalienable" rights, what then is left in the way of a reason or explanation?

The explanation that formerly came closest to covering all instances and angles to my satisfaction, I found in a little psychology-type essay by the longtime head of the Howard University (Washington, D. C.: Negro) department of sociology. In it this scholar, E. Franklin Frazier, examined such incidents as the strange behavior of our woman shouter of "greasy man" and the strange rites that took place for something like a Negro in a doctor's office and declared it all looked mighty like psychosis to him. That is to say, it all looked like white

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people were just insane, sick in the head on just this point. Now not many sensible persons who can stand so far clear of this thing would be inclined too much to argue this point. But any such diagnosis still left a lot unanswered. For example, why insane just in the way of race? And just on this one point? Also, if it really was insanity, the situation was as in the case of prejudice, hopeless. For what effective can anybody do about a thing like that? Besides maybe undertake some lengthy process of treatment or other on the rather risky chance that in the end it might turn out to help?

What I have since come to realize, though, is that what it is is a plot.

Well, bless your poor little Colored hide! the reader may say. Have you taken us all this round of the world just to tell us this?

To which my answer is: I have at that.

What we have to do with here is not just another plot, or just any size of a plot, but part of a bigger one still. Since the bigger word *conspiracy* is by common understanding only a plot with a bigger crowd and better organized, it may be found that what we are in chase of here is at bottom not alone a conspiracy but also a global, or a world-wide, conspiracy. Which every backwoodsman also knows it is. And the purpose and the goal of this conspiracy is this: To deny Colored people an equal (or as much a) share of the good things of the earth as possible and as easily as possible. And finally, if possible, to push them right on off the earth.

First off, though, it is needful for us to see a bit how the conspiracy began.

Somewhere, somehow, a massing of the primary stuffs of the earth chanced to come or was brought together in such a way as to form life. Judging by our best information to date, from either science or the Bible, this event most likely took place in some location like either Africa, Asia, or some related waters or air.

Say we continue taking either or both Bible and science for it to keep down as much avoidable resistance as possible to the making of these extra touchy and thin-line points. In this way we limit ourselves to a statement as follows: Some of this life was finally the very complicated creature we call *man*. Which has many traits in common with other forms of animal as well as plant life. As we have before noted, both Western religious and worldly account agree that we one way or another descended, all, from one common stock. But then something tremendous happened.

Exactly how what it was happened need not concern us here. All that is necessary for purposes of our examination of the question of relations between the races, we agree separation one from the other of men-like things, once all mostly alike and one, did somehow take place. We can, maybe, also agree that this separation lasted for some time. The differences in the colors of skins are generally taken to be in large part adjustments to differences in heat from the sun in different locations over long periods of time.

To make a long story short, when these several groupings of once similar creatures became able to discover the existence of one another again on a broad scale, their differences and therefore reasons for disaffection and distrust had grown. At this time, too, those tribes that had become separated off into such a location as to become white saw that they had wound up also with the short end of the bargain, for both space and goods. They had been left with only the land-block Europe for home. From the first moment the European man first made this discovery, the conspiracy of the white man against the black and the brown began to be made.

The first modest aim was only at sharing a little in the goods of these others' lands. We may trace out from fairly recent lines leading into America and Africa in force how things went from here. Somebody, or bodies, got the bright and bold idea of training their sights on the source.

Next came cousin John, and some time later, Uncle George. Sometimes the cousin Johns and Uncle Georges just showed up on their own. Sometimes the powers that were, urged or pushed them into making the step. Strength and safety and boldness increase with the size of the numbers of those who infiltrated. Success feeds on success and runs to heads till greed wholly replaces need. Differences from one's much more numerous fellows, which had at one time been felt as a handicap, now become taken to be all to the incomer's favor. And so, next the stage looms up of thinking how much better, safer, and nicer all around for everybody concerned (always) if only conspirators also just took over the place. And if this presented new and larger problems just at first, surely, ways were available, or could be found out, to deal with that. For one thing, the experience of having lived together so far one with the other might be consulted.

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That's it! says something inside! The methods and guises of it will be dissected out and sharpened up, and brought into better and fuller use. If it has been observed that the nationals have neither will nor ability to on-going war, we will play a game to take advantage of the dupe. Here is how it goes. We do not forget the hand of friendship outstretched. We blow hot and cold, storm and grow suddenly sunny. Complain and relent, try and retreat, promise the skies and deliver ash, launch attacks while speaking of peace, make treaties only to break. And at the end of every series, try if we can't, maybe, push out a little more. Or repent. On our side is all time, for in the meantime we live, and always a little better still. Until at last, drunk on our own absolute power, why might or ought we not think of harnessing up the very people themselves!

Does this all begin to sound by this time anything like any other conspiracy the reader knows, or has heard, anything about? Some other global conspiracy, maybe? The Communist one, perhaps?

We turn aside for a moment to make a distinction here. And that distinction is that Communism, like Capitalism or any other earthly governing system, can be divided into three parts. Those three parts we may call *Communism as theory, Communism as object,* and *Communism as technique*. We might speak, in other words, of Communism as a system, Communism as an end, and Communism as a means. By the last two terms in each attempt at expression I mean to speak of *what is to be got* and *how the getting of it is to be gone about*. While by the first term in each case, *Communism as theory* and Communism as a system, is meant to speak of economic or governing arrangements of *how what is got is to be divided up*.

Of course, a person may deny and explain away a lot in my description of colonizing events above, too. But again, as we have run up against before, one sticky fact is left to be accounted for, still. And that fact is this. How did it happen that someone entering as a distressed and exposed friend or a co-existing guest, at the very most, has ended up with these others' house against their plain and natural will? Or as the African said to Adlai Stevenson during a tour made not too many years ago, "When the white man came, he had the Good Book and we had the land. Now we have the Good Book and he has the land." (And even the Good Book, he might have added, you got from my people also in the first place.)

Actually, it could be found to be not so surprising that the two conspiracies, Communism and Supremacy of the White, seem alike in many ways. Why should they not? For both are, or have been made into, forms of tyrannies, dictatorships of special groups. And given the sameness of human nature and the way of culture-building plus the imitativeness of the thing called man, the greater wonder would be if in all this time the systems and methods of all tyrannies hadn't worked down to being very similar indeed.

But so shocking, new, foreign to anything the reader has ever thought or wished to believe, and brash, is this idea that I fully expect that the ordinary American reader still can't and won't accept it. I am prepared to deal with that.

The father of Communism was a poorish, beaten-down, German Jew by the name of Karl Marx, who died and was buried at the seat of the British Empire on the tight little isle of England. When Communism's basic source-works were being gotten up, Marx and his followers pored over the historical record. At one point Marx spent day after day in the British Museum in London, poring over the history of the English-speaking peoples in particular.

One of the thoughts in the back of Marx and associates' mind was this. Here was a people, who starting from so small, weak, and exposed a base, were by his mid—and later—1800 time near controlling three-fourths of the earth. However they had managed to do so, there was a clear way the classes of poor still in Europe like himself and others he had seen, starting from a not un-similar position of weakness, could take to overcome their hard fate. For what he announced to be looking for were historical ways and means as the physical scientist looked for laws.

When Marx-Engels-Lenin, etc., sat down to write Communism, they only extracted out of the English record those principles which seemed to them had enabled these best to come where they had. But as we have noted, though, the people against whom the English had mostly worked their magic and made their name were colored. This is true simply because, as we have suggested, there were more of them. There are now and always have been. As a matter of fact, when the English first began, anywhere outside of Europe itself, there was practically no other kind. So far as that goes, Americans as a majority-group are mostly only Englishmen past.

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CONVERSATION AT DAYBREAK

What is that noise? I asked her
Sound of birds outside the window
Out in the leaves beyond the screen
Out in the leaves beyond our bed.
Why do they chirp so happily?
They're just talking, she said,
Just talking. The birds are talking.
And what are they saying?
Here I am, sweet, that's what they're saying.

THE SCHOLAR ENVIOUS OF HIS NEIGHBOR

I turn the page.
Next door he moves from one breast to the
other.

THE LONG FISH

It is hard to have separated last night.
I went on drinking alone,
Wrecking my body that I'd like to save
For you.
I wake with a long fish
In me I wish you'd catch.

MIDNIGHT

The linoleum has archipelagoes of socks
You would have picked up.
My need for your love
Is like an intense, high-pitched
Coded scream that floats out over valleys.
No one sleeping in the farms between us
Can hear this cry for help.
I wonder if you do.
Do you think it is the scream of an animal?

A DREAM OF GIFTS & LOSSES

My daughter, you come like that Chinese
poet's,
To disprove despair for a thin year,
To cast us back into gloom
after your brief laughter.
Your mother alone has kept me from the
lakes.
When you go
They will break me with a feather.

David Ray

In this way is it seen that the two conspiracies racism and Communism *as object and technique* are just exactly the same thing.

One of the proofs of it is this. Any of all the editorials and the like against Communism appearing in American news media on almost any day, can just by changing one or two words be turned right around and used with just as much force against the United States. And the words to be changed are mostly only those that point to *who* and *where*. Take just this sentence from an editorial against Russian actions on the Autobahn or highway leading into West Berlin. The action complained of in the editorial took place last fall just after Krushchev had signed the Nuclear Test Ban Treaty. "It proves again one of the few certain things we do know about the Russians—that their methods may change, from extravagant protestations of friendship to rocket-rattling, but their objectives don't." What Negro, or better still: Indian in America do you suppose couldn't relish that?

But the simplest, handiest, and most undeniable proof is to be found in the immigration laws of this nation. Which, in spite of all "protestations" of equality, sanctuary-meltingpot, and friendship always have and do still today glaringly discriminate against the Coloreds and nearer-Coloreds in favor of the "whites." In President Kennedy's program now before Congress to relax these suddenly "repugnant features," Africans still are not included, only Asians of the outright Coloreds.

Which is the answer to those white people, professing great devotion to the bare principle of freedom, who ask why they should concern themselves about what happens to some Negro down in Mississippi. Or take the position the less said the better.

This, then, is what the problem is for whites. For Coloreds it is not having fought back strongly and wisely enough.

But, maybe, the reader will object, if all this is true you say about the sameness of these two plots, why didn't I know it? Why hadn't the thought suggested itself to someone and been circulated wide before? Then, what do I say? All the pieces are present. Bits are scattered about here and there. Some writer up in that part of the country called "New England" keeps hollering to nobody much listening that what his ancestors sought at least as much as religious freedom was fish. Everybody knows at least in the back of his mind how the Indians must have been dealt with. Surely not as I saw it pictured

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in a recent Centennial celebration in Corinth with them waving gaily from the backs of their packed wagons as they headed for Oklahoma? Else, how is the line of their forced march to this new concentration camp also sometimes called "The Trail of Tears"? In talking about the situation existing between the races somebody will use the words Cold War. In so far as the deciding upon of a union attitude went, A. Philip Randolph of the A.F.L.-C.I.O. and the Sleeping Car Porters argued the moral identicalness of the two things in convention several years ago. How far he was prepared to go with the comparison I don't know. It is not too important to us here. He had the notion of any similarity between the two promptly rejected by President Meany, anyway. Still at one time or another, every thoughtful person has caught glimpses of it.

Only as I was writing last fall, a history professor from that probated campus, speaking elsewhere of what happened at Ole Miss, referred to a "controlled press" and called the state of Mississippi a "closed society." He even used the word "totalitarian," for all which he was promptly "denounced" (his word this time, not mine).

As I say, I know that if with the breath of fresher air which has swept through the world in the wake of the late President Kennedy it is more possible to get these points printed and into good circulation, I know I'm in for it. It is not in some TV drama on the wilds of darkest Africa or in Russia only that those who stray too close to or make too bold with the secrets of the tribal treasure house must pay dear for it. According to the well established pattern of the plot, I know I will be called a Communist, an atheist, a pessimist, and every other little-boy bad name available for this. When, if the facedown over race is ever solved short of the complete wiping-out of one group by the other, see if it doesn't happen out of reasonings and the recognition of facts like these. And yet nobody I know of has gone the whole route. Both gathered these scattered pieces into one organized whole and got even fairly wide circulation of them.

So I would say, I suppose, in answer to your question about why the sameness of plots isn't generally known: For various reasons. Because there just is no interest in organizing any such facts. Because the mind of no average American man, black or white, runs in this track. Because as Emerson and Tolstoy say, History plays us false, or as the writer of Corinthians truly says: "For if we would judge ourselves we should not be judged." Because of the tricks of choosing words: Where I have deliberately used leading words like informers, infiltrators, official line, thought control, nationals, etc., there are other, likely ones. Because of the scarcely Christian doctrine in the prayer that one's country may always be in the right, and ending with the sentiment that, howsoever, one still stands. Because between two fallen girls the other guy's is always the worse. Because there is that feeling that one deserves to be judged by his best. Because of differences in position in relation to the hump. Because practicing conspirators, seizing on some of the better borrowed similarities (such, for instance, as equalness of peoples) from Communism *as theory,* stole a march and frightened all later-comers off by rushing first into the field. Because plots as well as tracks may need covering for their makers' best prospering. Or, as the fellow says, about their own produce people don't in any market I have ever yet been in anywhere in the world cry "Stinking Fish." All plots also require discipline. And so, crowning and underlying all, I suppose—the brainwash of the disciplines of plots. The plots *for* White Supremacy and *against* Communism, that is.

If this discipline against organizing such facts ever could be broken, the result might show some other startling things. For example, how many whites anywhere wouldn't have been as surprised as Du Bois's English tommy, who, deshipping in Egypt in World War I, cried out upon discovering that by standards any otherwise in effect, North Africans were not white, but "niggers"?! How many Americans, black, brown, or white, know that there are even two respectable theories linking the American Indian directly back to Asia and Africa? That as late as 1954, 14,000 children in one concentration of U. S. Indians alone were without education in default of treaties still? Or that as a near North African, and one who in his own and his ancestors' persons actually spent some time in Africa, the blood of Christ or at any rate of his Mother was likely more than one-eighth? Worse still from the standpoint of our discussion here, who cares? or feels he wants to know?

So that they are all there, the other similarities. Besides thought control and thought control: Police state and police state, the denial of free suffrage and one party, official line and official lines, Komsomols or Communist youth indoctrination groups and De Molays, liquidation

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and liquidation, states' rights above human rights, Iron Curtains and Color Curtains (Lines or Bars) to be pushed back. The pirating of credits and doctoring history and words serving for deeds—right on down the line. Even Siberia, though somewhat gadgety, as maybe befits, And this gadgetiness by no means always, as in the case of the Indians or the late ex-convict Clyde Kennard of an attempt on Mississippi Southern (college) un-fame. Which person died at 34 of ulcerated stomach in Chicago last summer, some two months after his "mercy" release. Going in about here someplace, too, are these telling lines from the late ex-Communist Whittaker Chambers' case book: "There is one form of attack which the Communist Party always makes upon all ex-Communists, large or small. It attempts by preventing them from getting a job, to make it absolutely impossible for them to live. If they do manage to get one, the Party tries to make it impossible for them to keep it." Or take all the hundreds who have rotted away in prison or died and still are dying on the dual scores of maintenance of the plot and the cross of a biological need for satisfaction of sexual drives. For what is Siberia, stripped down to its barest bones, after all? Nothing other than an unpleasant place where people are shut away with only the barest necessities of life and made to do hard work without pay and for little or no just cause. All of which and more the slave labor of pre-Civil War days, especially, in the South also most emphatically was. And by the light of this thought we at once see another fact. Of late the Supreme Court almost without fail decides on the basis of Constitutional guarantees in favor of Negroes or their white supporters arrested in civil rights demonstrations. So that even these arrests are seen to have strong traces of police-state methods and Siberia in them.

Space permits me to deal with the two others of these comparisons which will likely be most shrunk-from and resisted.

Police State Oppression: A system of neighborhood spies and agents operates in the Negro communities of every city, town, and village in the Southern part of the United States in especial just as in Cuba, East Germany, Russia, or any Communist where else. Here as there these commonly consist of people in high places in Negro, or out-group, community life, fed and eked out by a system of less-advantaged, rundown yard "boys," county-office janitors, house "boy" flunkies, and other double-crossed sell-outs and admirers. Such people have in the past been haphazardly known in the speech of Negroes only as "Flour Mouths," "White-Folks'-Tools or -Niggers," and "Uncle Toms." They are placed by the ruling group and both kept and controlled by all the usual means. These include counterspying, privilege, entrapment in wrong-doing, blackmail, rubber-gloved comradeship, smiles or frowns, pie-by-and-by promises, pats on the back, fear and threats of physical and livelihood harm, and help-outs with as small a spot of cash as possible from here or there, every now and then.

These who always say and act-out "all is well" get called by Myrdal (1944) a simple wrist-tapping "practicers of a racial etiquette." He might for more light have called them *aiders and abettors of an official covering propaganda myth-line and a plot*. But such as he describes them, these are in his words: Negro college presidents, principals and teachers of Negro schools, the handful of semi-thriving Negro (mostly, undertaker) businessmen, and a sizable number of preachers. In short, most of those enjoying upper or middle-class standing as a result of the powers of appointment, promotion, and dismissal in the hands of whites. In return for which, as the same also tells us, these same are, in the Upper South anyway, given much "leeway," of various sorts. Or as George Schuyler *(Black No More: 1931)* and Cash agree—taking in the whole lot as "Negro Babbitts."

I have run across them on guard even in Federal agencies. There is one known by 90 per cent of Negroes on the job as such not sixty miles from my hometown. His wards just last year, through efforts of mine going all the way up to the President, got skilled craft employment, after 28 years. He is the watchdog representing the President's Committee On Equal Employment Opportunity. Or if Urban Renewal ever comes as it has to Corinth, or any still-additional Federal education help or whatever, he or his like will be the chairman of the required Minority Committee. White men in the South in special, maybe, make a practice of either looking-out or hot-house working-up persons with sabotage and duped corruption like this in mind. They are at almost any cost kept on hand for shoving into the breach between themselves as thwarters and any new government law that claims to be trying to break down plot.

In the nature of Southern communities, the special place they occupy in the lives of the young, and their lodgement directly across any

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people's main lifeline to elevation, these right now are mostly so-called "teachers" above all else. The news head of a story from a convention in Chicago last November of college staffers screamed this: "Some Negro Educators Feel Rights Zeal Now Harmful to Students." The head, we may now see, was wrong on only three of its four counts. One is that it gives the wrong impression of how many so-called "educators," in especially state-paid schools, are involved in this which Myrdal called in 1944 the general "diseased" state of this field. Two, that the development is new, when it is in fact no newer really than the response of whites in the light of the Boston Tea Party and Runnymede. And, three, that it is really harm to the welfare of the students that these people are stupid enough to feel this way about. The late ill-fated James Meredith scholarship venture recently tried to give away some $500 to the welfare of some of these same through all 165 high schools in the state of Mississippi. And got not a single reply.

As the late, great DuBois tells us: the story of history is more a pulling-up than a pushing-up.

In all the hullabaloo of resistance to integration many imagine whites to be by far the worst and most telling offenders. But just as in France or Latin America, or wherever, it is the unseen Communist cadres, cores, or Fifth Columns inside national (or a group's) life who really make impossible the job of ever reversing the tide to Communism, so with these. They are the main bottleneck (or shoe in the works) in the whole effort for the elimination of racism and plot in the South today.

So much we shall see from captured documents from South Viet Nam soon to be mentioned, as we have already glimpsed in the discussion of how plot began and why its sameness with Communism is not generally known. This is always and everywhere wisest done from behind various natural and manufactured covers and "fronts" which the acting themselves more often than not feel as false. For example, these few thousand people in their segregated Negro school work will almost all report themselves in favor of integration in a general way in public these hotter days. Whoever thinks the vast majority of them, soft touches for state loyalty requirements, carry this position over into their private lives and more privy professional conclaves just hasn't been one among them as I have. By an odd twist, these so-claimed able and resourceful "leaders" are dramatic by their absence from and lack even of clear moral sympathy for any human rights action whatsoever. Whatever their fronts and pretenses, they are so quite largely for the reason Roy Wilkins so aptly gives in the Centennial *Ebony*. They are some of those who have benefited to the detriment of their group by segregation and stand to lose status unless they can measure up against an open field. And this with the big chance of the whole National Government, and their own sufficient organizations, plus the best brains in the nation and world, and world opinion on record for the first time in history behind the job they had been seeking and accepting credit for trying to do all along. Furthermore, a job which as more and more numerous commentators are beginning to tell us now *must* be done for the salvation of America itself.

The one we have in Corinth, in hot water with the community he supposedly serves, some months back, even gave out to the local white paper the explanation that he was "too conservative" and "had not pushed for Negro rights hard enough." In an incident reported in and turning around the little paper that our group found itself obliged to start, this "educator" even threatened the writer with the power behind his throne. He did so as, stopping me along the streets one day, he corkscrewed his head half around and with great claims that he wasn't threatening me nevertheless warned me repeatedly over my rejections that he wouldn't push our campaign too far if he were me. His school was recently since accredited or A-rated, after some 40 years, with a known thrice-shut-up male sex criminal on his faculty and one Bunsen burner in a glistening "Science Room" in a new,

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well-propagandized, hull of a building. Occasional football "skull" practice had formerly been the sole furnishing and use of the room for months and months on end. Also on the faculty, at least two credits-heavy teachers who didn't know such elemental things as when to use *make* in place of *made* in a simple sentence.

But to advance our account of police-state type oppression. In Mississippi, there is also an official government watch-dog committee called, wouldn't you know it? the State Sovereignty Commission. This group has the power to spend a well-placed buck or two on handy Negroes on assignment, and uses it too. In the wake of the experience at Ole Miss, the new head man coming into office in 1963 was chosen just exactly on the strength of his before-then unpopular but classic feeling that to best succeed in preserving White Supremacy, you have to entice the cooperation of Negroes themselves. In the administration just leaving office the Citizens Council itself has been an official arm of Government, also drawing money out of everybody's collected taxes in the state treasury.

The U.S. Department of Justice has at last entered upon action in court against policemen for bodily abuse of persons who happened to get their attention in the state of Mississippi. Which leans toward testifying to one certain truth also, and that is the fact that longtime complaints of Negroes about police brutality in the old chain-gang and KKK South have not been "wholly unfounded," as police and state officials have always said. A report of the Mississippi Advisory Committee to the U.S. Civil Rights Commission on February 7 of last year went like this: "Terror hangs over the Negro in Mississippi and is an expectancy for those who refuse to accept their color as a badge of inferiority." The report further stated: "All of us [on the biracial committee] are Mississippians . . . yet the extent and the manner of apparent denial of equal protection of the law on the basis of color as revealed in [our hearings], has been a profound shock to us." The committee's report went on to say it regretted that its fact-seeking efforts "were actively opposed by agents and instrumentalities of the state government." It blamed the federal government in part, in part the Mississippi press "in general," for "closing its eyes to state and local mistreatment of Negro citizens," and called for formal inquiry and Department of Justice prosecutions.

Finally what further can I say towards making this point of a police-state situation than this? I am myself a 37-year-old man, and a college graduate. I live quietly, pay taxes for the support of government services, and meet my debts. I am a veteran of World War II. There is no record of crime or bad disease. In spite of this, I could not in these United States, in 1964, do a thing as simple and as elemental to common decency as this. I could not have a friend who was white, and I have some, shelter the night without the expectation of abuse by the police for both myself and my guest. It would not save me for my guest on investigation being found to be a man. For in Mississippi there is a "law" even against this too. No more even a high Negro member of the non-subversive NAACP, nor a Negro Congressman from Michigan yet.

Liquidation and liquidation: Since the month of the School Decisions of 1954 there have been these killings in Mississippi alone. A vote-registration-working NAACP-member minister in Belzoni, another nearby minister later. A 14-year-old boy from Chicago by the name of Emmett Till. A Negro planter by a legislator at a court-house polling place in Brookhaven. A foreign newsman at Ole Miss. Also a common bystander or participant there. Medgar Evers entering his own home in Jackson, Clyde Kennard, and countless others unreported and unknown.

In Alabama, besides a white postman walking along the highway passing through, six Negro children were killed on one Sunday alone. Any taking in of the whole list of such liquidation in the United States would have to include many, many more — including its two most liberal presidents. To the point of the whole question of whether or not it is with liquidation that we are dealing here is this startling fact. Upon the first announcement of this, our latest, assassination it was at least as easy for the whole country to suspect White Supremacy as Communism. Whatever else the liquidator of President Kennedy was, he was likely also a Southerner first. The word *martyr* has from the first been widely used. As might be expected, we have since seen several news articles which have labored by text or topic head to lead away from this scent. Meaningful, too, as natural and interesting a possibility as it is, I know of no polls to date which have been taken on the point. Nor have I heard of any planned. But many, many Southerners, at least, have accepted both the killing and the killer as such. Talk was even heard afterwards that any possible successor who pushes too hard on human rights for not just

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certain but *all* Americans will be next. As at least one regional poll has shown, Southerners do not think President Johnson will have to be that man. They reckon what he has said so far as just something that had to be done in the situation and more of their same old specialty.

A witness testified before members of Congress, just three years after the smelly Duck Hill, Mississippi, double blow-torch lynchings in 1937, to this end. Sentiment is that lynchings still must go on and do. It is only that they must be done quietly, so as not to attract attention, draw publicity to themselves. From some lonely swamp bridge, yard, prison cell, or murder chamber a small body of men do the job "formerly done by a vast, howling bloodthirsting mob." (Sometimes a Negro promised protection and a little pay, or penalty may be the actual trigger man.) This information appeared in a pamphlet, *Lynching Goes Underground,* by an unsigned Southern white author. It did so under the sponsorship of Senators Wagner and Capper and Representatives Gavagan and Fish in 1940.

My personal experience with the truth of it is this. In a better-schools effort which I joined here in Corinth, the only specific threat I ever heard of, outside of one from a Negro childhood playmate face-to-face, came by way of the old traditional source of a janitor flunky from the police. Word was that they meant to kill me if I didn't keep quiet, or so the handyman said. The community was not seeking to integrate anything. But only to improve the shammy program of education which they had.

When all these things all over the country are taken together with Citizens Council Death Lists, juries that do not indict, Congresses that don't legislate, Attorneys General that don't wish power to act, riots sided in by police and National Guard, and the like, how do they differ from purges and pogroms?

It may be clever and cunning and all that. But isn't it just a little idle and useless for the ends of Coloreds, red as well as black, to argue that these things are not government policy? Not National Government policy, at least! A pogrom is never more than semi-official.

In fact the only differences between Communism *as object* and *as technique* and racism that do come to mind are the following. The seeming basing of the one, racism, on the physical fact of color or makeup; the other, Communism, on an economic idea, and the same's being aimed at the rich. But even these are found on examination to be only surface deep. For the overcompensating white plot was not in its beginning based primarily on anybody's skin color anywhere. But on the European's comparative economic necessity. And as we have noted, at its very beginning at about 500 B.C. and again at about 1400 A.D., given the simple state of things then, the Coloreds *were* the rich, which, as we say, was the cause of the plot in the first place.

There are even these two suggestions of sameness of traits between racism and Communism *as theory*. The holding of the earth and its products in common was the manner of property ownership in practice among some of the equally-well-fed "noble" and other "savages." This seems to have been true at least up to the level of tribes. Which partly accounts for the ease with which Europeans were able to so take these lands away gradually without raising any great hue and cry, or causing alarm. In coming back to and settling upon his already-old idea of Communism, Marx was likely influenced by this fact. Plato was the first famous author of the idea of Communism in the Western world. Since Egypt was in fact as much the mother of Greece as Greece ever was of Rome, Plato himself was likely similarly influenced. His star student, renegade Aristotle, for example, has a listing of all the different kinds of governments then in existence in the world.

Also, Europeans, directly upon colonizing any particular portion of land before then held by Coloreds, held whatever they came into by this route in common among themselves as against the dispossessed. The word *Commonwealth* as a name for the remains of the onetime British Empire survives.

There remains, then, only the place of religion: Russia officially rejecting it, America officially accepting, or at least non-rejecting it. But, as we have shown, for purposes of the problem under discussion here, this difference is not deep and is readily overlooked. A man writing to the Memphis *Commercial Appeal* just after May, 1954, in criticism of a teacher's unsigned earlier letter more boldly than some others announced that "rightness and wrongness didn't have anything to do with it." Which ex-slave abolitionist Frederick Douglass was pointing out in his powerful attacks upon the then-unsplit American Church 115 years ago. So far as the world knows to the contrary, most of the men who committed and daily commit the cold-blooded killings we have spoken of were or are all men in the habit of going to church. Men

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ON THE SEEMING RETIREMENT OF
ADONIRAM TETRAGRAMMATON

Once, peeping over the edge of the world's
wall,
I glimpsed him walking buttoned to the
chin,
And once he paused and lifted up his cane
At a dead tree. It suddenly disappeared.

Since then I have walked softer, wondering
How long such power and such resignation
Will stay content to let the being be,
Including, as I write this, you and me.

QUERY

I died and three lemons
Arranged asymmetrically
Took my place. Just why
Did you select that moment to comment on
The sweetness of my disposition?

E. L. Mayo

who went right back the next, or next few Sundays, and were at least accepted, no questions asked.

The test of the notion of plot, of course, is that as a working idea it is a useful tool. Among the common explanation tries we have looked at or mentioned, it explains a wider range of facts about the existing situation between the races better than any that can be found.

Let us look now, for example, at a couple or three of the study-samples of behavior back at the beginning of this examination. Take the first one, or Fact One, first. There, we found a white high-school second-hand car salesman angered to find a Negro college-graduate doing janiting for the government earns a few dollars more than he. The working-idea we suggest shows us that the salesman overlooks every other factor to his likely favor in this situation and is angered because the other has managed, however so, to overreach the chief aim of the plot. Namely, to get for himself no worse than the means at least to an equal share of the good things of the earth. This is shown to be so by taking into consideration the likelihood that the salesman would be even more irritated if the other had managed the feat as an engineer. Whereas for a middle-aged white car buyer of like circumstances his feeling would be much less so. Maybe even only amused curiosity at the contrasts in the situation.

Or take the harder one of the woman raising the false alarm of rape. Four possibilities at least are suggested by the working-idea. One, the woman fears attack out of too much steeping in the myth-lines of the plot. Two, desires attack. Three, is baiting up the issue, plain and simple. Four, wishes the strongest way open to draw some kind of attention to herself.

Or take the otherwise wholly unexplainable one of the ritual in the medical clinic. Here, the Colored enters, commonly by the back. Maybe pays money from somewhere off his person to and before more or less educated people up front. Returns to the back or outside. Then, if he goes unresisting by this route, is agreeably worked on by a highly trained man using the same furnishings and same sterilized tools as ever in one, common office.

The working-idea of plot shows two considerations to be concerned here. One is that the discipline of plot requires a constant renewal and demonstration of faithfulness and accepting by *those plotting*. It also requires a constant acknowledging or re-proving of submission and weaker-ness by *those* so far successfully *plotted against*. The idea of a plot, then, explains the confused above situation this way. The doctor, even though maybe seeing the seeming silliness of it, had to require the Colored customer to enter by the back and sit out. This was the mark of homage and obedience which the discipline of the plot required of him. After this act of ritual, since there were human needs and there was no better way around, it could better be tolerated and he was free to see the Colored if he felt he had to. The Colored on his part had to accept these further pressings-into himself of his own inferiorness and weakness, after which he could come in. I have myself had the most stimulating kind of race-work talk, even with white doctors in the South — after they brought me up from some hidden back room.

On the other hand, if any other single trial explanation like Ignorance, or Prejudice is applied, it breaks down several times. One need not limit himself, though, to just those samples I have picked out for use here. Let one choose one's own samplings. I have full confidence in

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the trueness of this revealed key. Try it on anything at all.

It explains why any particular white always denies ill-will for himself and passes it on to the other fellow.

It explains why the group makes claims for the majority that opinion and election pollings never support.

It explains why, when a Negro is wilfully killed, anger-professing editorials and propagandized funds are sprouted, which, like one for a local 14-year-old a few years ago, never really get off the ground.

It explains why Southern-type people keep on talking about States' Rights and State Sovereignty even after everybody has already told them the jig is up. Which behavior is seen to be strikingly like this sample reported by an American international correspondent from documents captured on South Vietnamese battlefields last year: "It should never be admitted outside party circles that the Workers' Party is the Communist Party in its open form, if we were to . . . . It is a maneuver which will allow us to sabotage the Geneva agreements, to advance the plan for invading the south and will, at the same time, allow the Front for the Liberation of South Viet Nam to recruit new members and to win the sympathy of the non-aligned. . . ."

It explains why those who are able to glimpse these truths are so scared by the threat of Communism. Because they can make out in it something of their own best stuff turned right back around on themselves.

And what I had much trouble doing before the discovery of this idea, it even offers an explanation of the sly smiles and laughs! Also operates on the seeming contradiction of the widely famed Southern hospitality to strangers like so: Of South African whites, presidential hopeful Adlai Stevenson on returning from his early 1950 tour said something like this: "So pleasant, so thoughtful, so genial had they been to me that on leaving I hated to criticise." Now compare Editor-in-Chief of Scripps-Howard Newspapers Walker Stone on a return from Russia in 1962: "In no other homeland I ever visited are the people who receive you so bent on putting their best foot forward, so anxious to have you see their society through their own eyes, nowhere so overwhelming in their attentions and hospitality. But one wonders if this all-encompassing courtesy springs as much from cordiality as from design to occupy the visitor's time and energies so he will see only those things in their country they wish to have him see. And thereby prevent him from observing less attractive aspects of their life?"

Revealed, too, by the idea, then, is the fact that, insofar as whites of real goodwill have never yet been numerous or strong-willed enough to change the direction of anything since the introduction of an organized idea *race,* they have been only contributing parts of the plot. Discovered is the fact that such practices as calling Negroes "Boy," allowing them roles of group servants only, requiring individuals of both to stand separate and so forth, are not so much harmless, innocent, or blind tradition in the case of these — any more than with peasants, women, or children — as is claimed.

It exposes as solutions the arguments for Morality, Education, Time, Patience and all other such idols of the theater, or talking and sounding points.

But, somebody will object, if what you argue is true, it casts such a long and such a grim shadow forward.

There is for a little while at least still another choice. In a sense it is tragic that so many whites are so blinded by feelings of race that they haven't yet been able to see that it was also a Communist who killed their last elected President, and in the U.S.A. One who had represented a Communist country only 90 miles away. Such people do not know that if this thing had been solved Communism never would have gotten off the ground. For it was, all, right there in the plan from near the first that the way to Europe would be through Africa, Asia, and so forth. They do not believe that *Colorism* the world can no longer afford. (*Colorism* and *Communism*. To freshen up and repoint up the idea and the comparison I propose this new word.)

And yet, what have I, or ought I have, to do with any such things as grimness, non-grimness, and other choices here? Who asks of the struggle against Communism whether or not it is grim?

My interest here is, rather, to for once about this problem try to do Plain Talk and make Common Sense.

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Antagonists in racial conflict, both Authority and Protest suspect they are caught in a conspiratorial web of the other's spinning.

Black Nationalism and the La Cosa Nostra School of Sociological Theory

Paul Carlsten

When a plague of public opinion samplers reported in the aftermath of the Kennedy assassination that half the American citizenry were convinced Lee Oswald was only one participant in a plot of unknown proportions, it was further evidence that conspiracy theories rank along side apple pie, mom, and Ovaltine in the American ethos. Inversely, where the suspicion of conspiracy exists, the conviction of impending violence follows, for this, too, is the gut-stuff of the theology of our civil religion.

F.B.I. sermonizing has been dutifully attentive to the clandestine perils jeopardizing America and the hell-bent path taken by plotters from discussion to abstract approval to open advocacy of actual violence. Hoover's most recent Eternal Vigilance pieties, in the nature of vague allegations of reds in black pulpits, have employed the theology of plot and violence to warn against the Negro protests that have developed into America's first genuine mass movement.

One of the troubles with mass movements, however, from a J. Edgar perspective, is that they lack the hardening of organizational arteries which enables conspiracy hunters to infer the conspiratorial bloodlines. Even those who fellow-travel with Hoover's vitalism (in the teleological sense the belief that the overthrow of government by force and violence is immanent—the corollary to "man is a social animal" is "man is a conspiratorial animal") can be skeptical of assertions that the Republic's safety trembles because of leftist contaminations of civil rights organizations with an average two-year life expectancy.

Little in its forty-year existence has prepared the F.B.I. for its encounter with the organizational fecundity of the civil rights movement. Typically, its quarry have been Wobblies, followers of Daniel DeLeon, and other remnants of pre-World War I dissent, whose conspiratorial gatherings since 1920 have been restricted pretty much to wakes; Trotskyites, who bear out Max Weber's observation that prophets of a charismatic religion quickly place it within a bureaucratic straitjacket; and, of course, those paragons of malevolence, the card-carrying red set who made it possible for 100 million Americans to believe there really is a Richard Nixon.

To the credit of the Wobblies and the Trotskyites, they stuck to tried and true forms with a persistence worthy of Robert Frost's New Englanders. And when the communists *created* a new organization it was only after the need was recognized ("We need a front for the *North American Review* set.") and careful precautions taken to control it.

But if Hoover's vitalism has ill-equipped the conspiracy hunters, providing them with only a biological analogy to trace the assumed conspiratorial bloodlines of a diffuse, uncoordinated mass movement, there is a tendency on the part of the "militants" aspiring to civil rights leadership to a conspiracy theory of their own. They, too, have taken themselves along the route from metaphor to analogy to firm belief in the metaphysical realities discovered by the dreadful penny press. And of all the metaphysical realities found by artful journalism none has re-

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ceived as credulous acceptance as The White Power Structure.

Belief in the White Power Structure is crucial both in derivation and tactical implications. Its origins are in the polemics of Floyd Hunter and C. Wright Mills—writings that helped establish the impossibility of a science of sociology, which is another way of saying that it derives from the social theology of the Depression Left.

The "militants," including most of the younger aspirants for civil rights leadership, are teachers and social workers for the most part, which may explain their proclivity for the "cleavage and consensus" cliches of academic sociology. Since they have also acquired academic sociology's skills in stripping away facts to get at the real abstractions, they come on like Hegelians, and thus provide the dreadful penny press the link to insinuate secret Marxist sentiments. Artful journalism calls them radicals. It prefers the "moderates," which includes ministers, lawyers, morticians, and entrepreneurs of hair-straighteners and skin-bleaching creams. There are no conservatives. Only Uncle Toms.

The tactical implications follow from the analogy, for sociological "structures," like biological ones, have "functions." The White Power Structure "functions" in such a way as to maintain the inequalities of the status quo. The fact that the White Power Structure controls the "behavior" of the social organism eliminates any potential concern that tactics be weighed for their appropriateness, since all businesses and governmental agencies are mere appendages of the White Power Structure. The uninitiated, unaware of the cosmic dimension of the White Power Structure, sometimes fail to comprehend that a Polish packinghouse worker will toss a brick through a Negro's window only on a direct order from Patrick Cudahy himself.

Economic pressures and demonstrations are common tenets of the civil rights leadership, whether or not the White Power Structure is part of their individual cosmologies. What differentiates is differing judgments as to why protests succeed. Among the myriad black nationalist premises upon which are rested the arguments in refutation of non-violence, less attention is given James Baldwin's doubts of its goals (the soul-sickness of white America may mean integration in a sinking ship) than to the proposals of Malcom X for a Mississippi Mau-Mau.

The dreadful penny press is disturbed, and reports the disturbed feelings of the Ev Dirksen crowd, that the peace may be disturbed, and both press and politician have set aside St. Patrick and Columbus Days planning to worry at signs of increased black nationalist sentiment. Like all others who have trouped onto the scene of urban politics to learn the advantages of power, and the necessity of solid ethnic alignment to secure power, Negro leadership must adopt bloc voting appeals (and ignore the cries of "reverse racism). And like Mulligan and Macaroni before them, they must weigh the political utility of the well-aimed brick. Chances are that they, too, will rely more on economic coercions and political pressures than violence or the threat of violence.

Still, there will be enough words of violence, in accents of self-defense, from black nationalists and the remnants of an anachronistic left. It is unlikely they will be heard by a receptive audience. The ubiquitous white girl—horn-rimmed, stringy-haired, sack-dressed, hawking the Trotskyite *Militant* as "the only paper that advocates arming the Southern Negro,"—will be mocked, as ever, with a Negro gentle needle, "Ever hear of Geronimo?"

Not even the dreadful penny press is prepared to contend that the civil rights leadership will adopt violent means, although it hints they may not employ always their powers of restraint when demonstrations have been turned to conflict by police, opponents, or demonstrators themselves. Instead, artful journalism will charge a guilt-by-association, justified and damaging, with the accusation that the "militants" have blessed the apostles of violence when they have gone from shared podiums to shared letterheads with the likes of Malcom X.

It is in their handling of the advocates of *illegalisme,* of *reprise individuelle,* that the most impatient of the civil rights movement can profit from historical reflections. The thought that radicals or reformers could avail themselves of the special talents of the hood, in a common bond, against a mutually-hated Establishment, is a persistent notion in the tradition of dissent. The notion has a record of disastrous consequences.

It was a favorite theme of Wilhelm Weitling, a utopian communist before Marxism, who proposed in 1842 to organize an army of 40,000 hoods to serve as shock troops of the coming revolutionary struggle. Weitling, however, lacked a Ph.D. and his views were ignored by the intellectuals, including Marx, who was busy

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Marx

at the time accumulating gold stars for perfect daily attendance at the reading room of the British Museum.

Weitling sublimated his resentment for awhile by preparing Tables of Organization and Equipment for his anticipated army of hoods, and by scooping Mao and Che Guevvera, getting into print first with a handbook of guerrilla war tactics. Eventually, Weitling lost faith in the German worker and emigrated to America, where, as an unlettered lout, he gained rapid social acceptance.

The stature of Karl Marx as a scholar is undervalued. It is true that he shared the credulity of modern social science in a crucial respect, for he was one of the first to make the ludicrous assumption that the compilation of statistics amounts to something more than the placing of numerical symbols next to each other. On the other hand, he had no use for that Aristotelian sorcery which is the true religion of sociology. He, unlike his followers, was never so naive as to think that classes and categories exist anywhere but in the mind of the classifier.

Consequently, Marx was quick to recognize Weitling's classification system as spurious, with its class of social pariahs divisible into subclasses of radicals and hoods. He recognized the hood as a Free Enterpriser in the process of becoming: a capitalist is a respectable hood, or conversely, a hood is a capitalist other than by inheritance.

Marx having resolved this potentially perilous linguistic puzzle without the aid of ordinary language philosophy, socialists dropped the notion of the hood's utility from their tactical discussions. It had continued appeal, though, for anarchists and anarcho-syndicalists, until eventually it decimated both movements. Bakunin, in his *Catechism of the Revolutionist,* picked up the theme: "Let us join hands with the bold world of the bandits—the only true revolutionaries." Bakunin was confounded too often when the expropriators in the name of anarchy evidenced unseemly capitalist acquisitiveness, and anarchy declined from Kropotkin to Pancho Villa.

Not only did the alliance of hoods and radicals tend to defeat the purity of radical purpose, it frequently ended in destructive schism. In one instance, the German-American anarchist John Most prepared a pamphlet for his followers, a detailed set of instructions as to how they could burn their homes, collect the insurance, and thereby finance the cause. Most was not only a master of the latest pyromaniac techniques but offered worthwhile innovations of his own, and his handbook attracted to the movement the most talented hoods of the era, this in spite of Most's doubts about their intellectual commitment to anarchy.

Most

Most allowed as how he hadn't intended to promote free enterprise arson, and yet he firmly defended the right of his new adherents to employ his methods for their own enrichment. After all, even free enterprise arson is against the law. Many of his followers tempered their hatred for the law with a public relations expediency, and insisted that arson for profit was giving the entire movement a bad name. A schism inevitably resulted.

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The last major attempt to establish a union of hoods and radicals was in Spain in 1918. Spanish syndicalists effected an alliance with the Syndicate's Sicilian branch, who fulfilled "contracts" on over 200 capitalists in two years. In retaliation, Spanish capitalists hired on freelance hoods who quickly disposed of 200 syndicalist leaders. The high mortality rate meant a declining number of employers on both sides with whom the hoods could negotiate contracts. Serious unemployment threatened.

At this critical juncture, William Jennings Bryan and his associates rushed to their rescue. America adopted prohibition, thereby creating vast economic opportunity for hoods and proving anew her right to the title, Land of Opportunity. A mass trek from Sicily to Chicago followed.

Prohibition provided the ultimate proof that Marx, not Weitling, had correctly judged where the hood's true interests lie. It made the unrespectability of the hood a matter of local option. Chicago, always a leader in betterment, pioneered the raising to respectability of the long underprivileged class of hoods. The Syndicate capitalist, like his predecessors—Carnegie, Rockefeller, Morgan, Kennedy—has fulfilled the American dream. He has made the country club. The glorious melting pot experience suggests there will be room also for the assimilated Negro. That is, if he is willing to help keep the Jew out.

Ships

The scene, in itself, is common enough: a child, kneeling beside
a pond, launches his toy boat . . . Catching no wind, it
wanders, pushed by occasional waves from a curious duck, or
the mild attack of a swan . . . Rimbaud described it best,
desiring those waves, that pond, above all of the waters of
Europe.

So, knowing of this, and more, and uncertain as to why I have
stopped here to watch this graceless boat, becalmed, lacking
a proper sail, loll on the evening water, and the child finger
thin blades of saw grass, I wonder, Does he dream now of
ships? . . . Does he see, in this tawdry boat, those legendary
sea ports in hotter countries, sensing the promise of islands
somewhere to the east, perhaps, of Madagascar, or the whip of
an Ethiopian simoon boring into his skin? . . . And if so,
to where might he voyage before he must make his careful escape,
and, knowing what to do, come down, a furtive onlooker, from
the fusty crow's nest of childhood?

Charles Wright

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4 Poems by Robert Dana

"There is no way to where we are"

A PLAIN RIDDLE

In the quiet thunder
Of your
Presence,
I am moved
As nothing else moves me.

Soft landscapes
Turning backward
From the eye's edge,
The heart's code translates
In the hand,
Moving me,
As nothing else moves me.

Not time grinding
In the leaf.
Not the chemistry
Of space,
The swift darks.
But as nothing else moves me.

SECOND RIDDLE

I remember
you as quiet
colors,
        words
of soft shine
moving along
a level glance,
a wingy curve
of dark hair
swung;
        words
not spoken,
so not lost;

as you were,
and are, all
at once,
        like
a sky beginning.

WILD RASPBERRIES

Two a.m. To the south, lightning.
On a distant beach,
The last fires going out.

The tide of wind, rising now,
Offers only
These processional black waters

Against which I hold as charm,
Picked somewhere,
This sprig of spiky, white crowns.

Once, another hour miracled
At my mouth.
A bird spoke. "No rain. No rain."

And we walked without touching
Amid the ducks,
Past the caged, sleeping bears.

It was as if she tamed the light
To one blue
Shoulder, and the darkness shook.

O Absence woven into presence!
Wait. Wait.
Sensible as wind at this stone point.

O small, silver birds of my agony,
Fly now
Into the dark sky of her hair.

THE LOVERS

It is dusk. The sky
Is blue honey and silver bees.
Walking beside me, she's
Part of the shy
Speech of birds, the lulls
Of water, the mole's dreaming fall.
She's queen of all
The shining possibles.

I'm her fool, Tom Clout.
I sing small finger songs, or wear
Her shoes in my hair,
Or tickle her out
Of thought. She knows I sham;
My nerves are lightning at their tips.
Finding my lips,
She takes me where I am.

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". . . there is no such thing in Hawaii as racial purity—and this, as I shall endeavor to show, is a very splendid and inspiring fact of life."

ALOHA | Racial Relations in the 50th State

Frederick L. Schuman

SAMUEL L. CLEMENS, better known as Mark Twain, visited the so-called Sandwich Islands in the 1860's and subsequently spent some years lecturing about them. In a mood of nostalgia and purple prose, he wrote to a friend in the year 1908:

> Hawaii is the loveliest fleet of islands that lies anchored in any ocean. No alien land in all the world has any deep strong charm for me but that one; no other land could so longingly and beseechingly haunt me sleeping and waking through half a lifetime, as that one has done. Other things leave me, but it abides. For me its balmy airs are always blowing, its summer seas flashing in the sun; the pulsing of its surf-beat is in my ear; I can see its garlanded crags, its leaping cascades, its plumy palms drowsing by the shore; its remote summits floating above the cloud rack; I can feel the spirit of its woodland solitude, I can hear the plash of its brooks, in my nostrils still lives the breath of flowers that perished twenty years ago.

Similar words about Hawaii have been written by Robert Louis Stevenson, Herman Melville, Jack London, and many others. All the words are true. But it is not my present purpose to sing the praises of Hawaii. I choose rather to write of the significance of Hawaii in terms of human relations and in terms of the contemporary racial revolution. That significance is not much appreciated by most people in Hawaii and is still less appreciated by most people in the other 49 States of the U.S.A. Since that significance is of major import, at least potentially and as a symbol for a possibly hopeful outcome of racial tensions and conflicts in our time of trouble, it is worthy of our thoughtful attention.

Most Mainlanders think of Hawaii as a tourist haven and vacation resort. So it is. Unlike many such resorts, it is "better than advertised." No passports are needed. Hawaii became a territory by virtue of a Joint Congressional Resolution signed by President McKinley on July 7, 1898. Hawaii became the 50th state, after a long and frustrating struggle for statehood, by virtue of an Enabling Act passed overwhelmingly by both houses of Congress and signed by President Eisenhower on March 18, 1959, followed by a Presidential proclamation admitting Hawaii to statehood on August 21, 1959. The voters of Hawaii had already ratfied, 3 to 1, a State Constitution drafted in 1950. In a plebiscite in 1959, they approved statehood, 17 to 1. All Hawaiians of all ethnic backgrounds are pleased and proud that Hawaii has at long last attained statehood and is fully a part of the United States of America.

Let us notice, parenthetically, why statehood for Hawaii was so long delayed. Its opponents in Congress were moved by a mixture of motives, as is usually the case in politics, but their major themes were two: (a) there are too many Communists in Hawaii; and (b) there are too many inferior races and too many people of mixed race in Hawaii so that statehood might mean that Orientals would sit in Congress in Washington.

Thus, back in 1932, Admiral Yates Stirling, Jr., told a Congressional Committee that Ha-

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waii was full of what he called "unassimilable races" and was characterized by what he called "a disturbing intermixture of races which tends to produce types of a lower moral and mental calibre." Thus in 1959 Congressman John Pillion, Republican of New York, argued against statehood on the ground that the ILWU in Hawaii, meaning the International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union, was controlled by Communists and that statehood would mean that we would be inviting, in his words, "four Soviet agents to take seats in our Congress." Senator James Eastland, Democrat of Mississippi, agreed. When told that the FBI could identify only 25 known Communists in all of Hawaii, Eastland replied, "They control the economic life of the islands." Senator Strom Thurmond, Democrat of South Carolina, concurred and also viewed with alarm the prospect of Orientals in Congress.

This alarm proved to be quite justified. As of 1964 the State of Hawaii has two Senators and two Representatives in Washington. Of these four, only one, Democratic Congressman Thomas P. Gill, is of predominantly *hoale* or Caucasian ancestry. His colleague in the House, Democratic Congressman Spark M. Matsunaga, is of predominantly Japanese ancestry. Hawaii's two Senators are Republican Hiram Fong, of predominantly Chinese ancestry, and Democrat Daniel K. Inouye, who lost an arm in World War II and is of predominantly Japanese ancestry. Needless to say, none of these is a "Soviet agent" and all are very able and conscientious legislators. I use the term "predominantly" regarding ancestry because, as will become apparent, there is no such thing in Hawaii as racial purity—and this, as I shall endeavor to show, is a very splendid and inspiring fact of life.

Let us return, very briefly, to the prevailing image of Hawaii as a tourist resort. Vacationists in Hawaii, with few exceptions, acquire no very clear picture of racial relations in the 50th state. But they have "a wonderful time" and are richly rewarded by warm hospitality and are not exploited as they are in many other vacation resorts. They find themselves in a fabulous and almost unreal tropical Paradise of exotic trees and flowers and mountains and rainbows. Hawaii is by a wide margin of latitude the southernmost State of the U. S. A. But it is not and never will be a Southern State, *Mahalo Nui,* which in Hawaiian means "Thanks very much!" Vacationists in Hawaii are also privileged to experience several wonders of the world and several human phenomena which have no counterparts anywhere else in the U. S. A. Among the latter is a royal palace, Iolani Palace in Honolulu, completed in its present form in 1883 and constituting the capitol building of the State, pending the proposed construction nearby of a new capitol building. There is nothing Hawaiian about Iolani Palace save that it is in Hawaii. It is modeled on the royal palaces of Europe. But it is the only such structure anywhere on U. S. territory and this makes it unique, as monarchical government for a century prior to annexation makes Hawaii unique among American States.

One may also see in Hawaii at the old whaling port of Lahaina on the island of Maui the first school west of the Rockies on U. S. soil, founded by the early missionaries in 1831, and the first printing press, 1834, where was published in the same year the first American newspaper west of the Mississippi River. Another human phenomenon which has no counterpart elsewhere in the U. S. A. is the spectacle of the Governor of the State, John A. Burns, Democrat and Irish Catholic *hoale,* freely asserting in public meeting that he is a good friend of labor leaders who were Communists in the 1930's and that he does not hold this against them.

As for the natural wonders of the 50th State, we had best limit ourselves to three superlatives: (1) All the Hawaiian Islands are products of submarine volcanic eruptions, creating mountains of lava which rise on the Big Island of Hawaii (the Orchid Island) to almost 14,000 feet above sea level in Mauna Kea and Mauna Loa. But if these mountains be measured not from sea level but from their base where they began to form millions of years ago, almost 18,000 feet below the level of the Pacific Ocean, they are by far the highest mountains on the planet. (2) In Haleakala National Park on Eastern Maui, one may behold, at an elevation of 10,000 feet, the largest volcano crater on earth, 3,000 feet deep, 7 miles across, and 22 miles in circumference, looking exactly like the craters on the moon and raising doubts in the mind of the beholder as to the wisdom of trying to go to the moon when Hawaii is so much nearer. (3) Finally for present purposes, if one wishes to see the largest active volcanoes in the world, which are also the least destructive, the most amiable, and in eruption the most spectacular, one must go to the Big Island and observe Mauna Loa and Kilauea and nearby craters, fissures and lava flows.

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Lesser wonders are innumerable. But let us revert to the Hawaiian miracle of human relations, which is also unique in that it has no counterparts in any of the other 49 States and no close parallels anywhere else in the world. Among the people of Hawaii, enormously diverse in racial or ethnic backgrounds, there is no racial prejudice, there is no racial discrimination, there is no racial segregation. There are harmony and dignity with all people of all ancestries dealing with their neighbors, and being dealt with by their neighbors, as equal human beings.

If we are to understand this hopeful and heartening phenomenon, we must bear in mind the nature and the history of the Hawaiian community. The 50th State consists of 6 major islands, 2,300 miles southwest of California, plus scattered coral atolls and volcanic peaks, uninhabited, extending some 1,600 miles to the northwest in the direction of Midway Island. The major islands, from east to west, are Hawaii, Maui, Molokai, Lanai, Oahu, and Kauai. The two minor islands, both nearby, are Niihau, privately owned by the Robinson family, closed to visitors, and inhabited by a few hundred native Hawaiians, and Kahoolawe, uninhabited and used as a target area by the U. S. Air Force. The total area is 6,424 square miles, which is small, but three other States of the U. S. A. are smaller: Rhode Island, Delaware, and Connecticut. By the federal census of 1960 the total population was reckoned at 632,772. This does not by any means make Hawaii the least populous of the 50 States of the Union. Six other States have much smaller populations: Alaska, Delaware, New Hampshire, Vermont, and Wyoming. Four other States have roughly the same population: Idaho, Montana, North Dakota, and South Dakota.

Hawaii's population in the autumn of 1963 was estimated to be 700,000, but this figure included some 100,000 military service people and their dependents at Pearl Harbor, Schofield Barracks, Wheeler Field, and other installations on the central island of Oahu. Of the remaining 600,000, over half a million live in Honolulu and its suburbs on Oahu, and 60,000 on Hawaii, 36,000 on Maui, 27,000 on Kauai, 6,000 on Molokai, and 3,000 on Lanai.

What are the racial backgrounds of these 600,000 people of the 50th State? This question is not easy to answer, even by the most careful census-takers, for reasons shortly to be made clear. Official statistics offer the following pattern: in the census of 1900, when total population was estimated at 154,000, two-fifths of the total consisted of people of Japanese ancestry, one-fourth of native Hawaiians or part Hawaiians, one-sixth Chinese, and one-eighth Portuguese. In the census of 1960, Caucasians or *hoales* had increased to 202,000, exceeded only by Asians of Japanese ancestry, numbering 203,000, along with 38,000 Chinese, 12,000 Hawaiians, 74,000 part-Hawaiians, and 21,000 "other," including Koreans, Samoans, American Indians, Negroes, and Puerto Ricans.

The peoples of Hawaii currently comprise a mixture of the most diverse ethnic stocks ever assembled anywhere: native Hawaiians or Polynesians and part-Hawaiians; *hoales* or Caucasians, including Mainlanders and also Portuguese, Spaniards, Scotsmen, Germans, Russians, Swedes, Italians, and Englishmen; other Polynesians — *e.g.*, Fiji Islanders, Samoans, Tongans, etc.; Filipinos in growing numbers in recent years; Chinese in considerable numbers; and Japanese in large numbers.

All of these diverse peoples live and work together in harmony with no segregation, discrimination, or prejudice. This, to be sure, is a very sweeping generalization. And it remains true that all generalizations are false, including the generalization that all generalizations are false. The present generalization is true as all know who have lived in Hawaii longer than a few weeks. The validity of the generalization is attested by the fact that anyone in Hawaii who alleges some instance of prejudice or discrimination is at once widely denounced and told that he is mistaken, as indeed he usually is. A few instances are in order.

James Michener, well known author of *Hawaii,* a fictionalized history, has made himself unpopular in the 50th State by charging that he was discriminated against in seeking housing accommodations because his wife is of Japanese ancestry. Everyone else vehemently denies this as possible in the 1960's.

In the autumn of 1963 the Trustees of the Bishop Estate and the Honolulu Board of Realtors each accused the other of racial discrimination in accepting or rejecting tenants in the plush Kahala district near Diamond Head. The Bishop Estate, with assets now valued at over $130,000,000, is the result of the marriage one hundred years ago of a *hoale* businessman from New York, Charles Reed Bishop, and a Hawaiian Princess, Bernice Pauahi. The Estate main-

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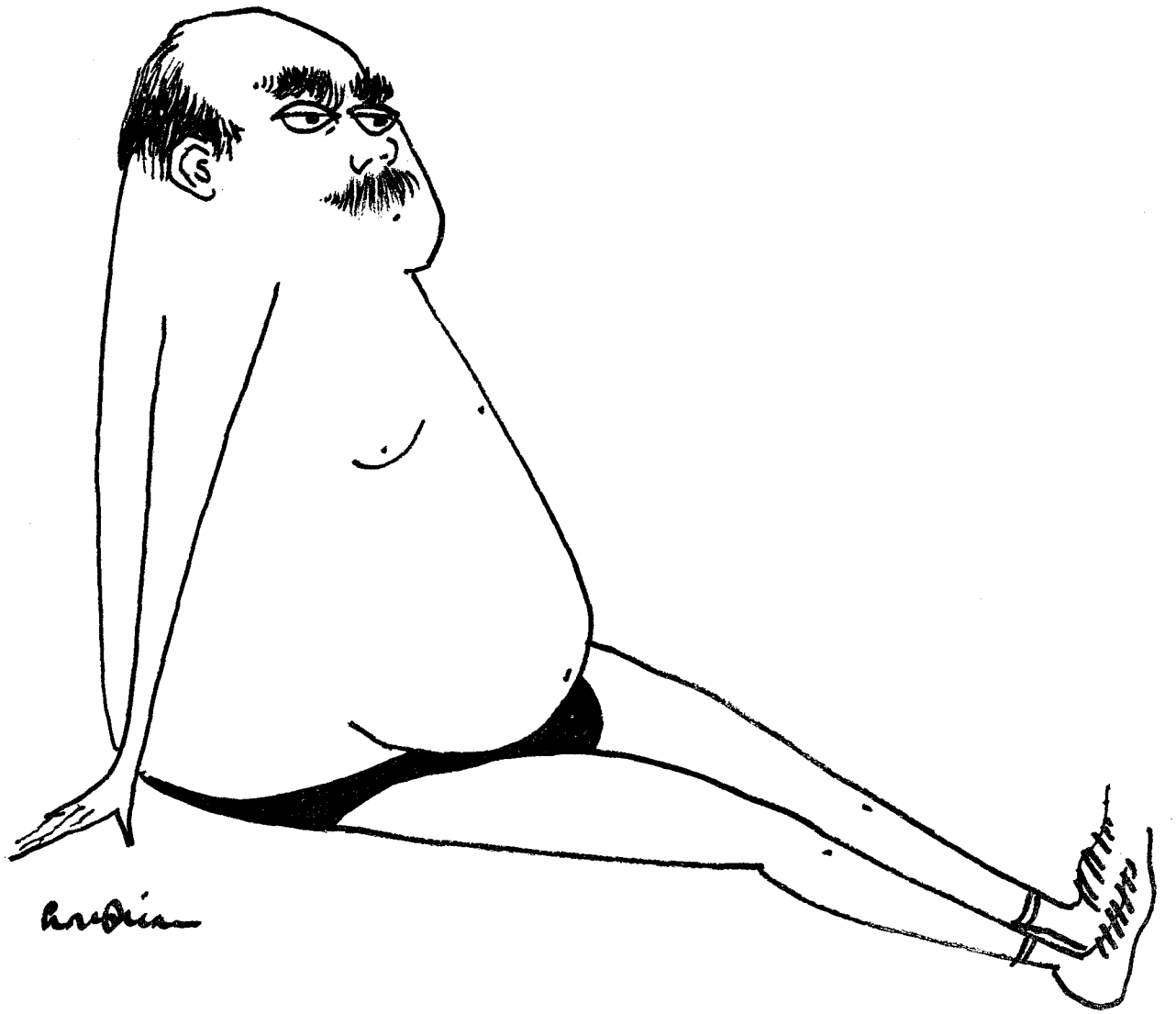

tains the fabulous Bishop Museum and the Kamehameha Schools in Honolulu. Its Trustees contended last fall that the Board of Realtors was responsible for alleged discrimination in the Kahala area, taking the form of requiring prospective tenants to bring their wives or to supply pictures of their wives. The Realtors leveled precisely the same charge against the Trustees. Finally on December 18, 1963 (cf. *The Honolulu Star-Bulletin*), both parties to the dispute jointly expressed regrets, reaffirmed their opposition to "any practice of racial discrimination," implied there never had been any, and solmenly vowed that there would be none in the future, and no further requirements of presenting wives or their pictures.

One more example: in the fall of 1963 two sociologists, Robert C. Schmitt and Robert A. Souza, published a study of "Social and Economic Characteristics of Inter-racial Households in Honolulu," in which they found that on the average inter-racial families had somewhat lower incomes and somewhat poorer housing than families in which husband and wife were of the same ethnic background. This at once elicited indignant protests in the press to the effect that the two sociologists were criticizing inter-racial marriages. In a letter in *The Honolulu Star-Bulletin* of November 28, 1963, Schmitt and Souza denied the accusation and concluded, "Our personal (and selfish) preference would be that mixed households score above the unmixed in income and housing. Neither of us is married to a person of our own race."

Let us return to the broader question of the sources of inter-racial equality and harmony in Hawaii. No answer is possible without some familiarity with the culture of the original Hawaiians whose ancestors apparently settled the 50th State about a thousand years ago, coming across many hundreds of miles of sea from the other Polynesian Islands of the South Pacific. Their remote forebears in turn probably came originally from Southeast Asia. The world of the

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white man knew nothing of these people or of this land until January 18, 1778, when two British ships, commanded by Capt. James Cook, exploring the mid-Pacific in vain search for a northern passage back to Europe, stumbled upon the Hawaiian Islands, which they named after Cook's patron, the Earl of Sandwich. Cook and his men were warmly welcomed by the Hawaiians and offered pork, fish, and fruit along with feminine affection and comfort—not merely because Capt. Cook was regarded by some of the Hawaiians as the reincarnation of their departed god, Lono, but more importantly because of the spirit of *Aloha* which then and now and always dictates that all strangers are to be fed and feted and accepted as equals and friends. Tragedy ensued, to be sure, foreshadowing what was to become the long tragedy of the Hawaiian people. Capt. Cook returned in January, 1779. He and his men were again wined and dined with the utmost hospitality and departed in friendship. But a storm obliged them to return to the Big Island in February. *Pilikia,* meaning trouble, arose out of the theft by natives of iron tools and a ship's boat. Cook and his sailors sought to punish their hosts. Encountering resistance, they killed a number of Hawaiians with musket fire. In the ensuing melee, Capt. Cook was slain (February 14) and thus revealed to be not a god but a mere errant *hoale,* who, like many to come after him, repaid hospitality with cruelty.

Many came after: adventurers, fortune-hunters, New England missionaries in the 1820's and thereafter, thousands of whalers in hundreds of whaling ships in the 1830's and 1840's, and many others later. Some brought evil. Some brought good. But to the Hawaiians, who generously welcomed them all, they brought more evil than good.

These Hawaiians of long ago had no written language, no pottery, and no knowledge of the use of metals. But their arts and crafts in featherwork, woodwork, weaving, and boat-making were superb. They were magnificent swimmers, navigators, sportsmen, dancers, and warriors. Each island for long centuries had its own king. Under the king were the *alii* or nobles and the *kahunas* or priests, and under them the commoners, who in the feudal society of the Happy Isles lived relatively free and prosperous lives, despite the many tabus or *kapus,* as the Hawaiians called them, of their polytheistic religion.

The tragedy of the Hawaiians consisted in this—that while the *hoales* or outsiders brought the blessings of Christianity and of Western civilization and the more doubtful blessings of firearms and the profit motive, of which the natives had been innocent, they also brought diseases hitherto unknown in the islands, whose people had no immunity and no resistance. These included measles, diphtheria, pneumonia, smallpox, cholera, bubonic plague, tuberculosis, leprosy (allegedly imported from China, since it was called *mai pake* or the Chinese disease), and, of course, venereal disease. The result was that the population of Hawaii, usually estimated at 300,000 or more in 1778, when Capt. Cook arrived, was reduced by 1872, less than a century later, to 57,000. The Hawaiians were apparently doomed to extinction by the end of the century. Happily they escaped this fate. The number of pure Hawaiians continued to decline, albeit more slowly, but thanks to extensive intermarriage with newcomers the total number of Hawaiians and part-Hawaiians has risen again to almost 100,000. Nevertheless, the lot of the Hawaiian people has been a tragic one, even though eventuating in a great good, as sometimes happens in human affairs—with no one planning or foreseeing the evil and the tragedy, and no one foreseeing or planning the ultimate good that was to come.

The tragedy of the native people is epitomized by the Hawaiian monarchy, the story of which is also in many respects a tragic story—too long and complex to be recounted here. But a brief summation is warranted, since the story is an inseparable part of the tragedy and the triumph and the miracle of Hawaii.

The tale begins with Kamehameha I, whose name means the "Lonely One." According to legend, a *kahuna* predicted before his birth in 1758 that he would be "a killer of chiefs and ruler of all the islands," by virtue of which the then reigning King, Alapai, of the Big Island ordered him slain at birth—by virtue of which his mother fled to the mountains of Hawaii and bore in secrecy the son who was later to be known as Kamehameha the Great. This ruler of men made himself King of Hawaii and, with the aid of two British advisers and a few Western firearms, conquered the islands of Maui and Molokai and ultimately Oahu in the 1790's. He later added Kaui to his domain. He held court at Kailua on the Kona coast of the Big Island. When he died in 1819 he was sovereign of a United Kingdom of Hawaii. His body was secretly buried in a place unknown on the Kona coast. His statue stands before Iolani Palace in Honolulu.

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His first-born son of his favorite wife succeeded to the throne at the age of 22 as Kahehameha II. In the year 1824, accompanied by his own favorite wife, he travelled to London to confer with King George. Here he and his Queen contracted measles. Both died within a week. The bodies were ceremoniously sent back to Honolulu on a Britsh warship commanded by a Lord Byron, a cousin of the poet.

A brother of the dead monarch assumed the throne in 1825 as Kamehameha III and reigned until his death in 1854. During his reign the Kingdom was threatened with annexation by France and briefly annexed to the Britsh Empire in 1843 by action of an Admiral—who was repudiated, however, by Queen Victoria and her Cabinet. A major development of these years was the so-called Great *Mahele* or division of the lands, all of which were hitherto regarded as belonging to the King. The *Mahele* provided that one-third of the lands would be retained by the Crown, one-third would be divided among the nobles, and one-third would be partitioned among the commoners. This "reform" introduced for the first time the private purchase and sale of land—with the result that most of the best lands were soon purchased for a pittance by *hoales* who had been missionaries or were children of missionaries.

In 1854 Prince Liholiho, grandson of Kamehameha the Great and adopted son of Kamehameha III, was proclaimed King Kamehameha IV. He had been entertained by Queen Victoria and was an Anglophile. In 1856 the new King married Emma Rooke, part-Hawaiian and part-*hoale* and the adopted daughter of British Dr. Thomas Rooke. Two years later a son was born to the famous Queen Emma. But the little boy who would have been heir to the throne died at the age of four. His royal father died a year later in 1863, at which time his brother assumed the throne as Kamehameha V, destined to be the last of his line. This bachelor King had no heirs, or at least none to speak of. On his deathbed in 1872 he begged Princess Bernice Pauahi Bishop to become his successor. Having no queenly ambitions, she declined—whereupon it fell to the Legislature to name a ruler, as it was authorized to do under a new Constitution.

The choice fell upon a grand-nephew of Kamehameha the Great, Lunalilo, another bachelor King in his late 30's, who, alas, died in 1874 after a reign of less than 13 months. The Legislature then named as King High Chief David Kalakaua, who married Princess Kapiolani of a royal line from the island of Kauai. The new dynasty thus founded was destined to be the last. King Kalakaua and Queen Kapiolani had no children. He named his sister, Liliuokalani, as his successor. Kalakaua dreamed in vain of uniting all the Polynesian islands of the South Pacific under his rule. At the behest of the sugar planters, he negotiated a reciprocity treaty with the U. S. A., exempting Hawaiian sugar from tariff duty on the Mainland, and fostered large scale Chinese and Japanese immigration to supply labor for the plantations, on which Hawaiians were reluctant to work. King Kalakaua held court in style, built the new Iolani Palace, and sought to revive Hawaiian culture. Among all the kings of all the ages, he was the first to make a journey around the world and to visit Washington, D. C. He came to be known as "the Merrie Monarch of the Pacific." Finally falling ill, he went to San Francisco for medical aid, and there he died in January, 1891.

His sister, Queen Liliuokalani, was to be the last of the Hawaiian monarchs. As a Princess in 1879 she had composed the most famous of

Poems In The Style of Heine

I.

(With Sarcastic Overtones)

I believe: you once did love me;
I, however, did not love you;
You are now, still, dreaming of me;
I have long ceased dreaming of you.

II.

(With Ironic Overtones)

Once it was you used to love me;
When that was, I did not love you;
Now your dreaming is not of me;
So? I cease not dreaming of you.

III.

(Ordinary)

You used to love me;
I used to love you;
You quit dreaming of me;
I quit dreaming of you.

—Kozma Prutkov, translated
by Tanya Tolstoy and
W. D. Snodgrass

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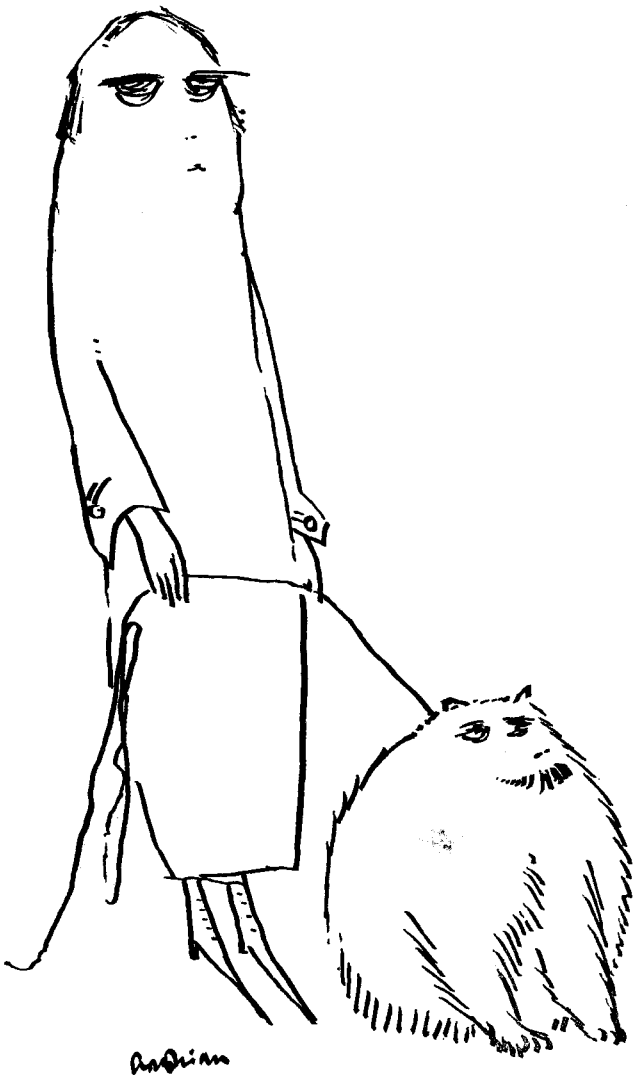
Hawaiian songs: *Aloha Oe*. Her American husband, John Dominis, died seven months after she was proclaimed Queen. She sought to reassert royal prerogatives, to amend or repeal the Constitution of 1877 forced upon Kalakaua by the *hoale* planters and businessmen, and to restrict the suffrage to native Hawaiians and to foreigners who had assumed Hawaiian citizenship. The result was a *coup d'état* organized by the planters and businessmen with the connivance of U. S. Minister John L. Stevens and Capt. G. C. Wiltse of the U. S. cruiser *Boston*. The monarchy was overthrown on January 17, 1893. The new Provisional Government at once asked annexation by the United States. But the new Democratic Administration refused. Said President Cleveland, "To take the Islands from the native people would be inconsistent with American honor, integrity, and morality." Until her death in 1917, Liliuokalani continued to hope that she might recover her lost throne. Meanwhile those who had ended the monarchy proclaimed a "Republic of Hawaii" under Sanford B. Dole and five years later, in July, 1898, attained their goal of annexation to the U. S. A.

In the interim, as a somewhat mournful obligato to this melancholy tale, successive groups of contract laborers, some from Europe, most from Asia, had been imported to work the sugar plantations and, after the turn of the century, the pineapple plantations. Here again we encounter a paradox with ultimate good emerging in strange ways out of initial evil. Despite the paternalism of the plantation owners, each group of immigrants was paid less than other workers and was in this sense exploited. Each group at the outset was looked down upon as inferior and victimized by racial prejudice. So with the Chinese, until most of them left the plantations, went into business and the professions, and began sending their children to college. So with the Japanese, until they began doing likewise. So more recently with the Filipinos, most of whom still have farthest to go up the economic and social ladder. As recently as 1928 the Hawaiian Sugar Planters Association rejected some hundreds of Filipino contract laborers on the ground that they were literate and that only illiterate workers were suitable for plantation labor. Such attitudes, however, are long since gone.

In recent decades the ethnic minority which has had the most difficult and painful experience has also been the largest—i.e., Hawaiians of Japanese descent. The pain and difficulty



were due not to prejudice or discrimination but to war. The attack on Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941, brought Hawaiians of Japanese background under suspicion of disloyalty and brought Hawaii under martial law for the duration of World War II—although the *Nisei* of the Islands, unlike those of the west coast of the Mainland, were not put in camps. All Hawaiians take pride in the fact that no single case of overt disloyalty or of espionage or sabotage ever materialized. On the contrary thousands of A. J. A.'s (Americans of Japanese Ancestry) volunteered to form the 100th Battalion and the 442nd Regimental Combat Team which fought the Nazi Wehrmacht valiantly and heroically, with heavy losses, at Salerno and Anzio and Southern France in 1943 and 1944 and, as General Mark Clark later said, became the most decorated military unit in the United States Army.

How are we to account for the absence of racial prejudice in Hawaii? Some commenta-

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tors would emphasize the role of religion and particularly of Christianity, even though the Christian gospel has not been very effective elsewhere in eliminating or even diminishing racial prejudice. The members of the Nazi Wehrmacht were ostensibly Christians and some of the A. J. A.'s who fought them were not. There are many churches in Hawaii. They work well together. But there is no religious uniformity. Of the 220 churches in Honolulu County, 28 are Roman Catholic, 27 are Baptist, 27 are Buddhist, 24 are Congregational, 19 are Episcopalian, 14 are Lutheran, and 14 are Methodist, with the balance comprising Shinto, Bahai, Christian Science, Judaism, Islam, etc. Religion *per se,* however, is not the answer to our question.

Some uninformed outsiders or *malihinis* might seek an answer in terms of social and economic equality and the absence of class conflict, which is sometimes a source of race prejudice. But this would be a wrong answer. Ownership of property in Hawaii is highly concentrated. The economy of the islands has long been dominated by a tightly knit oligarchy, centered in the "Big Five"—i.e., C. Brewer & Co., Theodore H. Davis & Co., American Factors (originally Hackfield), Castle & Cooke, and Alexander & Baldwin. Until recently, moreover, Hawaii has known class conflict on a large scale. Today, to be sure, plantation workers and most others are unionized, many of them in the ILWU led by Jack Hall, and the agricultural laborers are probably the highest paid in the world. But this was the outcome of long and violent struggle, marked by the first major strike in 1909, which was broken by the employers; by more strikes in 1919-20; by extensive unionization in the mid-1930's; by large-scale strikes in 1946; and by a costly 178 day strike of 2,000 longshoremen in 1949. Labor's battle has been largely won in Hawaii, but we cannot attribute racial harmony to economic egalitarianism or the absence of class warfare.

The answer to our question lies precisely in the spirit of *Aloha* among the original Hawaiians and their successors. This is not simply an empty word meaning "Hello" or "Goodbye" or "I love you." *Aloha* means brotherhood, equality, dignity, hospitality, and above all—and this is extremely rare among human beings—a complete absence of ethnocentrism or racism. This is doubtless why Robert Louis Stevenson once called the Hawaiians "God's best, his noblest work."

To these people came the New England missionaries in the 1820's and thereafter to bring Christiantiy. Perhaps more important they invented an alphabet of twelve letters, gave the Hawaiians a written language, and introduced universal public education. Judgments differ on the role of the missionaries. They were warmly received. Yet it would be difficult to imagine two codes of ethics farther apart than those of the Puritans and of the Polynesians to whom they brought the gospel. The missionaries believed that sex was a source of sin. The Hawaiians believed that sex was a source of joy. The Hawaiians believed that the human body was a thing of beauty. The missionaries insisted that bodies must be covered up—with Boston nightgowns or Mother Hubbards, which have evolved into the contemporary Muu Muu. Some Hawaiians still say that the missionaries came to do good and that they did well—i.e., that they became wealthy at the expense of the Hawaiians. Along with Herman Melville and Mark Twain, we must concede that there is some truth in this view. But whatever judgment may be rendered, it is quite clear that in converting the Hawaiians to Christianity the missionaries were themselves converted to the spirit of *Aloha,* as were the successive American, European, and Oriental settlers.

It is noteworthy, moreover, that no ethnic group has ever comprised a majority save the original Hawaiians a century and a half ago. Every group is a minority. Since all the groups are intermingled in daily work and residence, racially segregated schools are non-existent, racially segregated trade unions are an impossibility, and racially segregated social clubs are a rarity.

What then are the major components of the Hawaiian formula for racial equality? And how many of these components are "exportable" or susceptible of imitation or emulation in the other 49 states and throughout the world?

The first and major component is obviously the absence of racial prejudice in the spirit of *Aloha.* This, unfortunately, is not readily exportable, nor do most Hawaiians feel any sense of mission to export it since their own daily lives are almost completely free of any problems of racial tension or conflict.

A second component of the formula, and a most vitally important one albeit also non-exportable, is what has often been called miscegenation, meaning racially or ethnically mixed

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marriages. In recent decades almost half of all marriages in Hawaii are racially mixed marriages, which are forbidden by law in 20 of the other 49 States. Elsewhere in the world, including the Old South and most of the other Mainland States, all racists, all white supremacists, and some colored racists regard racially mixed marriages as evil and conducive to biological degeneration. This widespread view is a false view or, at best, a half truth. Racially mixed marriages are an evil only in a social and psychological context of race prejudice and discrimination. There is no such context in Hawaii. Peter Gilman's otherwise informative novel, *Diamond Head,* is misleading in suggesting that there is general opposition by parents or other relatives of Hawaiian young people to mixed marriages. And it is emphatically untrue that such marriages are biologically undesirable. The opposite is more nearly true. Agronomists and geneticists have long since discovered that if differing strains of corn or cattle or horses or flowers are cross-bred, the result is better corn, cattle, horses, and flowers. Not all hybrids are "improvements" on original stocks. But many are. If differing strains of human beings are cross-bred in a context of no racial prejudice, the result, frequently, is better human beings—i. e., healthier, handsomer, and happier. "Hybridization" in Hawaii, if the term is permissible, has had fortunate results, as must be clear to anyone who observes the student body at the University of Hawaii or other young people of the islands, a large percentage of whom are children of racially mixed marriages.

A third component of the formula is completely integrated or non-segregated public education, which is over a century old in Hawaii in public schools. Little children have no racial prejudice. They never acquire any if from kindergarten up through college they play together, learn together, and make friends together with no regard for race or color. This part of the formula is "exportable." The U. S. Supreme Court in its memorable decisions of 1954, overruling *Plessey vs. Ferguson,* was wholly right in taking the view that we must begin solving our racial problems by desegregating and integrating our schools. This is the beginning of a solution. Ten years later, alas, less than 2% of Negro children in the South are attending integrated schools and, thanks to residential segregation, the situation is not much better in many Northern cities. But Hawaiian experience suggests that this indeed is the place to begin.

A fourth component of the formula, which is also "exportable," however slowly, is complete racial integration and equality in housing, recreational facilities, public accommodations, trade unions, business enterprises, Chambers of Commerce, and other organized human activities. Here, too, we on the Mainland can, if we will, emulate the Hawaiian example and make progress toward a human society fit for all human beings to live in.

The glory of Hawaii is something that all Americans should be proud of, should take as their model for days to come, and should present to the world as evidence that even if America exhibits some of the worst examples on earth, outside of South Africa, of racial prejudice and discrimination, America also exhibits the best example on earth of racial equality and dignity. Hawaii comes closest to realizing the ideals set forth in the U. N. Universal Declaration of Human Rights (1948) and the U. N. Declaration on Racial Prejudice (1963). Native-born members of the small Negro community in Hawaii never know what it means to be a Negro unless they come to the Mainland. And strangely enough this process acts in reverse. Lawrence H. Fuchs concludes his *Hawaii Pono* (Harcourt, Brace, & World, New York, 1961) with an anecdote:

> On the eve of statehood, the principal of a Honolulu elementary school told how a Negro teacher in his school won the Parent-Teacher Association banner week after week because she was so popular with students and parents. One of the teacher's pupils was the little daughter in an Army family from Mississippi. When the principal met her Mississippi-born mother, he heard the parent praise the teacher as "the best my little girl has ever had." The nisei principal irreverently asked, "Isn't it too bad you can't use a person like that in an integrated school in Mississippi?" The Army wife was horrified and exclaimed, "Why no, we would not stand for such a thing in Mississippi!" When asked why she tolerated and even warmly endorsed the teacher in Honolulu, the mother shrugged her shoulders and said, "When you're in Hawaii, you do what you are supposed to do in Hawaii."

We cannot export Mississippi to Hawaii or Hawaii to Mississippi. But we can try to follow a shining example. In so doing we may well give new meaning for all of us to the State motto of Hawaii, which was also the motto of the Hawaiian monarchy: "The life of the people is preserved in righteousness." We may also give new meaning to the motto of the University of Hawaii: "Above All Nations Stands Humanity."

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Richard Pearce

Kernan the Nice

MY NAME IS GEORGE KERNAN. I'm less than half Irish and come from tired Presbyterian stock. My wife Claire is Irish and Catholic both, and it was her idea to name our son Michael. I'd like to point out here that almost everything that's happened to and around me in this world has been somebody else's idea more than mine. I live with my family in New Jersey, and I'd rather live alone with Michael on the Isle of Man. I fill an unnoticeable niche as an accountant for a large firm, and I should be an architect of cathedrals and opera houses in Westchester. I'm more than competent at bridge and ping-pong, and I can remember every phone number I was ever told, but I'm sure not one of my neighbors would consider me really successful at anything, not unless he was a guest at my house and getting oiled on booze of my providing. But I have a right to impose on you out there, whoever you are, on behalf of my son; after all, I collaborated on his conception and I maintain and guide him now, and that would justify the lives of lesser men.

Michael is nine years old. He has blonde hair that he insists on keeping long over the objections of Claire and his Little League teammates, and large dark eyes under an awesome forehead. His whole head seems to be bulging at the top from intellectual pressure, so that he looks like one of those hyper-brilliant Martians he shows me in his comic books. The look isn't misleading; he is something of a genius, and I have his IQ scores here with me if you want to challenge that. Furthermore, he could identify colors and pronounce their names at fifteen months, he sang a recognizable song at eighteen months, he knew the scale on a xylophone at two years. And he hasn't slowed down since. He makes it a point to read at least three articles on the front page of the paper before hitting the comic section. Now, about his training program:

He and I get up about six every morning and meet in the bathroom. Then we make breakfast—that is, we slop milk on the presugared cereal—and divide up the morning paper. We prefer to read the news in dialogue form. Before seven we're in the back yard and I'm hitting grounders to his right—his weak side—and he fires them back or flips to the second baseman represented by our tree. That's the procedure in spring and summer. Later on, we practice punting and passing, and then free throws and lay-ups until snow covers the driveway and it's time to go inside to the basement, where he often practices doing nothing but dribbling by me and

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passing to a circle on the wall. Michael is small for his age and knows he has to have the set stuff down pat, and he does. He was second on his Little League team in walks drawn and runs scored before his injury. Since he spends most of the following account flat on his back and out of action, I think it more than fitting to give him his due here: the unmoved mover of those things in life that make it worthwhile being up at six in the morning.

Three weeks ago, Claire called the office to tell me, without benefit of a breath or a complete sentence, that she had found Michael lying in the basement holding his stomach. He had a fever, his face was puffy, he couldn't say anything or even cry out because of the pain. Then she told me she had called for the ambulance and for her special doctor, Dr. Lipitz, so I knew she wasn't quite as frantic as she sounded.

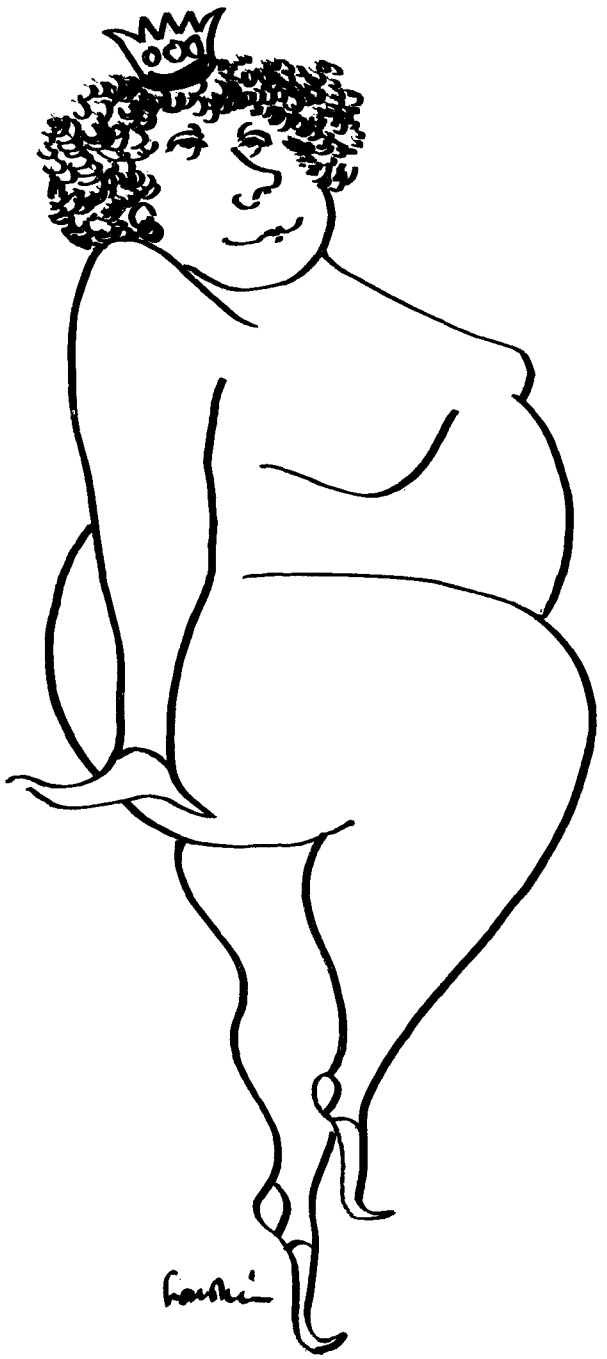
"Why Lipitz?" I asked, and she hung up because we both knew why.

It was four-thirty, nearly the hour of peace for us bureaucrats, but my boss didn't take it at all well when I said I had to leave the authorized limits of the office. He mentioned, just as a parting shot, that I was behind on a file and it would have to be finished the next day. I thought of stabbing him with my ball-point pen, but instead, being Kernan the Nice, I ignored.

On the drive to the hospital I worried more about Michael's known physician than his unknown trouble. I should explain about Claire and Lipitz. Over the years of our marriage, disappointment in Life and Husband, together with diminishing energies, have narrowed Claire's interests down to not much more than the Catholic Church, Michael, and her household and bodily functions. Dr. Hiram Lipitz happens to be a good, guild-addressing Catholic and a lousy doctor with a habit of guessing wrong on the big ones. For one thing, he was three months off on the date Michael was due; he tried to induce labor early. Nothing happened to Michael, but a neighbor told us about getting the wrong prescription and not realizing it until the other patient had had a terrible attack. Claire won't listen, of course; greater-than-human sources have sent Lipitz to her as her very own doctor. And Lipitz the man is beguiling, a father-figure with salt-and-pepper hair and the voice of a radio announcer. If Claire wanted to elope with him, I'd consider paying their passage to South America, but to let her maternal and other instincts go soggy enough to turn him loose on our son—well, the whole thing had to be halted, though I can't say I felt like the man for the job.

Claire was there already, in the waiting room of the children's ward. It was a bright yellow room spangled with the animal stars of the kids' tv programs, all of them about four feet tall and leering. They would have bothered hell out of me when I was a kid; my ailments called for sympathy, and I wouldn't have been suckered into feeling better by those revelers. Michael is the same way; I could see him avoiding them the last time he was here. Lipitz was the doctor then, too, but it was just for a cold. My son has never been seriously sick, which is lucky, considering his mother's bent.

Claire managed to acknowledge my entrance without exactly looking at me. Her mouth was



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set in a thin line, and maybe I shouldn't have gotten her going, but life's short.

"Where's the faith-healer?" I asked. Direct hit: she stared straight ahead at Bugs Bunny and her lips disappeared for a second. I worry about her wearing that look around Michael during the day, but she tells me she only feels like putting it on when I'm around. Could be.

I sat down a decent distance from her and let the hospital silence settle, and then I asked her to tell me more about what happened. That's a reasonable request.

"I told you on the phone. Dr. Lipitz"—she just raised her voice on the name—"is looking at him now. Or he's checking the x-rays for the diagnosis."

I wanted to talk about his luck at diagnosis, but I knew one more crack out of me and we'd be wading in words up to our knees, us and Bugs Bunny. But I couldn't just sit there. "Where is he now? Where's Michael?"

"Sit still. I'm sure he'll be back soon. Don't go bothering him. Or Michael."

"I come to bring good cheer," I said. I went in before she could say anything else.

I don't possess very many truths, but one of them has to do with appearances: act like you know what you're doing and you're authorized by the Almighty to do it, and watch the world fall all over itself agreeing with you. It's my own damn fault, I know, that I never had the energy to practice what I preach. Claire calls it my lack of conviction; I guess Lipitz would too. I can hear him now, giving a speech to the ladies about the need for conviction. What he wouldn't tell them is that you need the conviction just to fool yourself first, and then you can forget about it because your own hot air will carry you the rest of the way. And if you don't have that conviction, then you'd better try to be nice. Kernan the Mouth never got anywhere at all, but Kernan the Nice gets what he wants every so often, just as long as it isn't too much.

I stopped a nurse and said I was sorry to bother her after visiting hours, but I had something for my little boy, and could she remind me of the room number. Then I thanked her and called her ma'am. She smiled at me. See? I found his room after some wandering around.

The room was dark, but enough light came in when I opened the door. He was lying there on the sheets crying like an old man, with no force at all, and his knees drawn up in an unborn position. He seemed to be all the ages at once, and I just stared; but when he saw me and tried to get to his knees and couldn't make it, he was nine again, and in trouble. I leaned over beside the bed and held him and said the stupid optimistic things the healthy man tries to toss over the wall of pain to the sick. Then the lights in the room flashed on, and there they were, Claire and Lipitz.

I've described the handsome devil for you already, but I forgot to mention one thing: he's one of those men who override complexities by raising one eyebrow, and he was hoisting it right then. He was waiting for one of us to say something, and who was Claire to let him down?

"He's awake. Now why did you have to go and bother him!"

"Hush, my dear. Hello, Dr. Lipitz. They tell me you're at the controls here."

He nodded. I guess his AMA dues exempt him from having to answer anything that sniffs of impertinence. Claire said something like "Honestly!" under her breath. I looked at Michael, but he was just lying back, minding only the trouble inside him.

"Dr. Lipitz just got through examining him. We were waiting for you back there. If you wouldn't have wandered . . ."

That was the cue he needed. His eyebrow fell into alignment, he looked Grave. "Would you mind stepping out here for a moment?" He pointed the way out. "I won't be long."

We went back to the waiting room and sat down and didn't say anything at all, though Claire was daring me to start something, I could tell. After a while Lipitz came out with a sheet of official-looking papers and his grave look. It was aimed between us while he told us that the trouble seemed to come from an infection of the kidneys, probably a severe one. Claire started crying easily enough, but I was thinking about the chances that he was wrong again. I wanted to buttonhole him and tell both of them that I was going to get another doctor and they could sue me up and down if they wanted to. Very big scene, but I couldn't get out of character long enough to pull it off. I helped Claire on with her coat and we headed home, both of us waiting for the first words to come spitting out. It's a hard habit to break.

I pulled up in the driveway and we piled into the arena. I just had time to get my coat off when she said, "Oh you . . ." and then she had to wait for the old muscles to get loose. They did: "You never know how to behave in real adult situations."

I knew she'd worked up that one on the ride

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over. I said so and asked her how adult it was to call Lipitz before calling me.

She was ready for that one. "You. What could you have done about anything. You can just be grateful that Dr. Lipitz was good enough to come right away."

I answered her with something and she held up her finger at me like an old-fashioned schoolmarm. "Don't you say anything against that man that you wouldn't dare say to his face. You don't even have the nerve to look him in the eye and then you say such awful things behind his back."

She found more to say and I did too. Our quarrels may be a little one-sided, but they're long and steady with practice. Like all the others that had ever really gotten going, that one moved on its own and carried us into the mined fields of courage, financial ambition, family, intelligence, belief. It moved without any regard for boundaries or rules, and it didn't even finish. It just got tabled until further notice when I put my coat back on and walked out.

I got in the car and headed out Route 1 for New Brunswick and a grubby little rooming house on the edge of it. It wasn't the first time I'd been there, I know it won't be the last. Call me Withdrawal-Prone, ripe for the witch doctors, but all you married men out there with your various homes away from home can speak up for me.

The place was covered with so much of the grit from the nearby factories that it was almost hard to find at first, and that's one thing I insist on about a hideout. The lobby was just a dingy little desk crowded by a bar next door and the staircase overhead. I paid my four dollars for one night and told the clerk to wake me up at six-thirty. No sense getting out of shape just because there wouldn't be any fielding practice in the morning.

It wasn't the same room I had last time, but I think they're all alike anyway: pink wallpaper peeling all over, an old bed with a sag in the middle, a greasy chair, a skinny dresser in the corner. The only thing different was the noise; the room next door was blaring and thumping with it. I heard a couple of radios or phonographs going at once—two different kinds of music, anyway, and one of them was the latest teenage *drek*. Then somebody started picking on a banjo, playing roughly in time to one kind of noise, then the other, as far as I could tell. There was too much confusion in my higher centers already, so I went out for a walk

I roamed for a few blocks and concluded that the problems confronting a twentieth-century man in my position were various and grave, so when I saw a movie theatre that was showing something as simple as a Western, I went in. Let your unconscious work for you.

It was a Western all right, but just after I'd found a seat, the good guy was shot up, and his sidekicks talked about operating on him—right out there in the desert, or the mountains, or wherever they were. They got him whiskeyed up and tied down, then they took their Bowie knives out and heated them over the campfire, and then I walked out.

Knives and scalpels, heat, cold, pressure, pain—just then I wanted to propose to all good men that we try floating around like pure spirits, germ-free, and forget the itches and aches of the flesh. The motion was tabled. I heard a clock strike and was aware of the time—around eleven—for the first time since I left the office. I went to a drugstore and bought a couple of magazines and a baseball book for Michael. Then I went back to my room.

The racket was still going strong. I pounded on the walls, but I'm sure nobody heard me. The nice thing to do was to wait and hope they'd turn everything off on their own and go to sleep. I say "they" because I couldn't hear any human sounds, so I thought it might be a couple of kids or their elders having a shack-up. That would make us all part-time fugitives, though they had the call of the gland for an excuse. It might hold up better than my motive. I took off my shoes, shirt and trousers and lay down and tried to read the magazines. The bed was actually jumping a little with every thud and twang next door. I wasn't about to slide into a half-sleep to that jumble, not with things the way they were. I dream in Technicolor even without sound effects nearby. So I waited for a while, and then I struck back. You don't know how tiring it is for Kernan to strike back. He isn't built for it. I girded my loins with my trousers, though, and marched out into the hall to do battle.

A little old man opened the door, and the noise poured out. He was wearing a plaid smoking jacket and emerald green slippers. He held a drink in one hand and steadied himself on the doorknob with the other. He looked up at me uncertainly, and his smile was so tentative it didn't last a second. The room was just like mine, and unpeopled except for him, and there was the banjo propped against the chair. He said something I couldn't hear.

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"Pardon me!" I yelled, but not loud enough. I had to point to my ear. "The NOISE!"

His mouth opened as innocently as a doll's, and he ran over to turn down a radio, then a phonograph. He moved with the slow, scrambling haste of the very drunk. "Sorry," he said. "I'm real sorry. Didn't know anybody was in there. Nobody in there yesterday or day before." He puzzled over it, then asked me if I'd mind having a shot. He gave me that mortal smile again, so Kernan the Nice went in.

With the Offering of the Hootch out of the way, he got going. "Name's Harry Akins," he said. We shook. "I'm a drummer but I got drummed out." His twang definitely came from west of Jersey. He sat down on the bed and picked up the banjo, and when he started plucking away on it and smiling over at me with some determination, I had the feeling of being blurred into a crowd. "Children's clothes," he said. "Blankets, shoes, even ladies' accessories." He wasn't keeping time to either of the subdued noisemakers, or to anything. "They fired me last week, and here I been for the last three days. What do you think about that?" He was still smiling; I couldn't look at him. I just sat there and sucked in the booze. It was good bourbon. Harry Akins had a real flair for celebrating his failures, if I could believe him. Right now, I don't think I do believe him. But then, I don't believe myself either.

"No sales for a month," he was saying. "Time to sit back and watch the world go by. I'll be catching up one time."

"Right."

PAIN

I could peel away my shadow in the sun
More easily than you. And in the shade
You leeched beneath my skin; tenacious
As a sense of guilt. At night you laid

Your head upon my restless pillow.
I have seen the glinter of your cruel knife.
You wield it well, and often. You are more
Persistent than a nagging wife.

Hand grasping rigid hand, we run
Along the path from which no paths depart.
And you have taught me, wild companion,
One thing: endurance has no heart.

Eleanor Mohr Struthers

"You're right I will." He looked around the room, perhaps to steady it. He got up and wavered over to the phonograph. "You want to hear anything special? Got Dorsey, Miller, Goodman, Weems—you name it." He looked at me for a second to be sure I came close enough to being in the right generation, I guess. He must have been reassured by what he saw, because he turned to a pile of records and started stacking them.

After a while, everything was going together in my head: Harry and His Magic Banjo, the bourbon, the dying-swan singer of "Stardust." It was all a decided improvement on the real world, and Harry kept things going, filling my glass according to a schedule of his own devising, introducing the tunes on the phonograph, picking away, telling me the story of his life. Really. There was a farm in Ohio, a bunch of odd jobs in Cincinnati (or Cleveland), and then he caught on with the pick-up bands and finally made it with a college outfit. He'd played guitar (or bass) on a name-loaded cavalcade of bands. Then the war came and killed the business. "Nowadays I just play on this thing for my own recreation and around the neighborhood for the kids. My main money interest these days is selling. All the states and into Canada and Mexico've been my territory. Flew, hitched, walked, and crawled all over. And you can't tell me a thing I didn't sell . . ."

I couldn't tell anything anyway. I was beyond trying. I nodded idiotically and looked down at my glass, and when I looked up I had it—Kernan's Way. I can't dignify it by calling it an idea; it was just a reflex, but something Kernan the Nice and Dry wouldn't have tried. When Harry went out to the bathroom, I wobbled out too, aided by chairs, walls, and bannisters, and went downstairs to the pay phone in the lobby and called Lipitz' office. I spoke so carefully I think I drawled, but I must have sounded coherent, and I kept saying "emergency," so the answering service gave me his home phone. It rang for a while, but finally the old oily voice came through with a "Yes?" of two syllables.

A fire had gotten started in my forehead. "Hello, Herr Doktor," I said. "This is Kernan of the Ku Klux Klan. Stay 'way from my child. This is your last warning. Should you refuse, I warning—"

"Mr. Kernan." There was a silence. You can't hear an eyebrow being raised.

I plunged on, heedless of the fire in my head

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and the now-tilting phone booth. "Warn you, you'll wake to find your home in ashes and the Sign on the wife and kiddies! Pestilence, pestilence even unto the second generation and the generation's generation."

"I suggest you try to get some sleep, Mr. Kernan." There was a little sigh, then he hung up. I hung up too, and fought my way out of the blazing, tilting phone booth and made it back to Harry's room, trailing fire.

I don't think he'd noticed I was gone. "Heddy," I said, "I have just, as we say at the Club, 'muddled through.' "

He looked up and smiled, but he didn't mean it. This was his party, after all, and I should have realized the room wasn't big enough for two characters. So I just sat there for one more round of bourbon and the selling game, then I made it to my feet—I knew I wouldn't be able to manage the trick again that night without help—and left Harry reciting and picking away. For all I know he's still there. If he isn't, there should at least be a plaque on his door, and someday I'd like to take up a collection at the office for one. I collapsed on my bed and stayed collapsed until the clerk was banging on my door and telling me to come on, Mac.

I woke up with total recall, but I was Kernan the Nice again, with all the underdog's supply of worry: I wasn't going to the office that morning, I was going to the hospital; so what do I tell my boss? What do I tell Claire about Lipitz? If Lipitz sues for threat or libel or whatever it was, what do I do? I think I must really like to get nervous because I do it so wholeheartedly. But, in spite of the noose around my neck, divorce and famine at the door, the first thing to do was to get a good doctor for Michael. I ate breakfast and got a shave and then called one I'd heard about and asked him, nicely, to meet me over at the hospital.

Citizens, it was almost as simple as that. It wasn't a kidney infection, it was a clogged-up urethra—the penis tube. I guess Lipitz had read somebody else's x-rays, or he hadn't been paying attention to the details, a busy man like him. Anyway, he padded off the scene without leaving a trail. Sometimes I think he's just above it all, and sometimes I think he might be ten per cent afraid that the demon in me will wake again and wreak havoc, or at least keep him up nights with phone calls. It's been three weeks now, and Claire has just about gotten even with me via a series of cold-war dinner hours and evenings smoky with old issues rekindled. But I have my mornings. Michael has been home for just over a week. He's been having trouble getting back in stride on his Little League team, and his replacement is hitting .450, but we just get up at five-forty-five these mornings and extend the practice sessions. He seems to be coming along all right, and if he doesn't get back in the lineup we'll start punting and passing and get a jump on the Little League football season.

At the moment I'm in the closet and Michael hasn't found me. It's raining outside, and you can't dive for grounders on wet grass when you're getting over an injury, so here we are, playing games in the rainy early-morning dark. He was the one who suggested hide-and-seek, and I was surprised, because it seemed like a young game for a kid like him. but I guess he wants to relax for a morning and get acquainted with the house again.

He wanted to hide first, so I put my head down on the beakfast table and counted and heard him going down to the basement, and my forehead was sweating too with the business of pressure and balance that takes you down a creaky flight of stairs. I fumbled around the house for a minute or two, scuffling my feet and slamming doors, and then I went downstairs.

He was hidden in the big box that Claire's new dish-washer came in. I'd cut a flap in the front to make a door, and it was trembling. I stamped around the room, but he didn't make a sound, though his giggles nearly tipped the box over. That's control. Finally I lifted the flap. The large eyes looked at me for a second, and then the hyper-brilliant face shrieked with laughter. I grabbed him until he complained that teammates don't hug, and then it was my turn.

I waited for the awesome forehead to plop down on the breakfast table, then I headed for the closet in my own bedroom. And here I am, the back of my head tinkling the coathangers, sweating all over because I'm lodged between my winter suits. I have to balance on one foot and use the other just to steady myself, because the closet floor creaks. And here I wait.

I'm not sure, but I haven't heard him for some time, and it may be he's gotten tired of the game and gone back to the morning paper. Or maybe he's just testing me, waiting right outside the door. It's better to wait a little while, claustrophobic as I feel; better to keep hidden and let Michael do the hunting if he wants to. The kid can use the practice. He isn't nearly aggressive enough for his own good.

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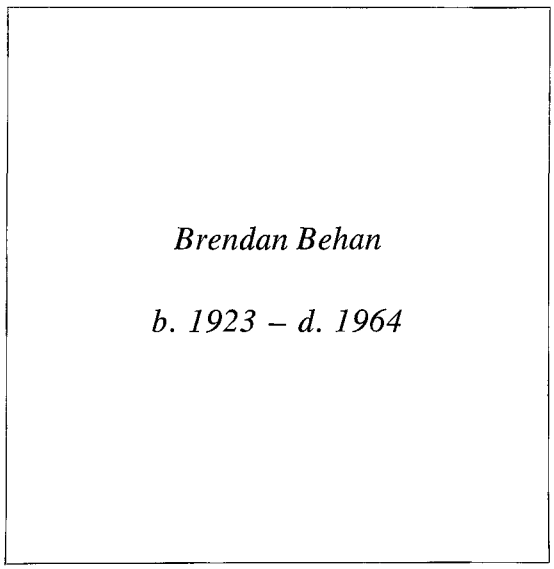

BRENDAN BEHAN: VITAL HUMAN BEING

A Memoir

Bryan MacMahon

As the newspaper is thrown onto the porch, I lever myself out of bed, slip on my dressing gown, open the door and crouch to reach for the daily ration of news. The tang of a snowy Iowa morning brushes my face and ears. As my fingers tighten on the paper I see the face of Brendan Behan look up at me. I read the heading "Wild Boy of Irish Letters is dead" . . . then "They mourn him in the pubs and theatres of Dublin, the wilful but gifted son of Erin who once said, " 'In the Dublin of my boyhood to eat was an achievement, but to drink was a victory over circumstances.' "

Brendan Behan dead! A rent shows in the cloth of being. I look for a long time at the photograph, at the lion-like but cherubic face, at the gapped mouth, at the hair that could on occasion be curly and wilful. Hidden in the mouth is the quicksilver tongue now silent forever. I return to my bedroom. Turning on the radio there again emerges the same image of the dead High-Priest of Paddywhackery and Whiskey — "Arrested in four countries . . . denied the right to march in the traditional St. Patrick's Day Parade he . . . ." At last it seems that even by his own standards Brendan has got a bad press. For he so often declared that for a writer the only bad notice was an obituary notice!

In all the Shillelagh-swinging over the coffin of Brendan Behan, there is something missing, and that something is the essence of this immensely talented, lovable, and sincere man.

I knew Brendan Behan. I don't claim to have been an intimate of his — for all in all I cannot have been more than ten times in his company. But on first meeting I found that we had some kind of chemical affinity for one another such as happens when two stranger terriers meet, sniff each other, and then go off romping happily together.

I first met him about nineteen or twenty years ago in the office of *The Bell* in O'Connell Street in Dublin. *The Bell,* a literary monthly, had

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been founded by, among others, Seán O'Faoláin, Frank O'Connor, Maurice Walsh, Peadar O'Donnell, and Ernie O'Malley (great men all!) with the object of "letting Irish life speak for itself." It was the opportunity many of us country- and small town writers needed, and in the pages of *The Bell* (it is now defunct) we were welcomed by the editors O'Faoláin and O'Connor, who proved stimulating toastmasters. Even yet, *The Bell* continues to exercise its influence: a recently published posthumous novel of Michael Farrell ("Gulliver" of *The Bell*) is certain to be widely discussed when published on this side of the Atlantic.

This afternoon I speak of, I stood in the office chatting with Paddy Farrell, the clerk, who constituted most of the office staff. I was talking about some proofs of a story of mine to be published in a forthcoming issue. The muted traffic of O'Connell Street was a faint droning coming from below us. Then the door behind me banged open and I sensed a huge presence directly behind me. I smelled paint. I heard stertorous breathing. I started at the clatter of a paint tin as it was slung into the corner to my left. Out of an eye-corner I saw a paint brush with bristles gobbed with red oxide follow the paint-can. A hoarse Dublin voice began to shout, "Tell O'Faoláin that I'm finished with painting Butt Bridge and I'll be so-and-so-ed if I ever handle a paint brush again!" Still I did not turn. I watched Paddy Farrell's forehead corrugate in doe-like anguish. The voice behind me stopped. I knew I was being sized up. I spoke noncommittally to Paddy and straight-away the voice roared, "You're MacMahon up from Kerry for the so-and-so football match!" I turned to see Brendan Behan — up to this unknown except as a released Borstal lad.

"O'Faoláin means well!" he said in a more restrained tone," but I'll be so-and-so-ed if I'll paint bridges any longer!"

"C'mon away!" he said to me. We went downstairs and out into the street. As I listened to his good-humored ranting, I learned that O'Faoláin, with his keen eye for the significant individual, had interested himself in securing employment for the ex-Borstal boy. And here let it be clearly understood that Brendan's "crimes" were political ones, occasioned by the presence of the stupid and arbitrary border that divides Ireland and constitutes the only obstacle to final reconciliation between Britain and Ireland. Perhaps also O'Faoláin, who himself had been on the losing side in the Irish Civil War, felt that in Brendan's case the "back breeding was good" and that as nephew to rebel Peader Kearney, composer of the Irish national anthem, there was good stuff in the wilful Brendan. If at this stage, Seán O'Faoláin had foreseen the literary resources of this turbulent youngster he was truly prophetic.

Brendan and I walked for some time in O'Connell Street. The sun shone. He was an amazing talker — it was as if talk had been stoppered up in him for years. He was telling of his arrest and trial in England.

"So this ould geezer of a magistrate looked over his glasses, and says to me, 'Young man, how did you get into this country?' 'By plane,' says I. 'By parachute?' 'No, by umber-ella?' 'Umbrella!' 'Yeh, me grandfather had a noble umber-ella with powerful ribs to it — 'twas in the family for seven generations. We were flying over London an' I says to the pilot, "Let me out here, mate." So he slides back the door an' I opened the brolly an' out I stepped. This was an umber-ella that'd hold up an elephant. I landed in a park near a statue of . . .' Lemme see what the statue was of,' says I to the magistrate."

"I thought yer man'd get a stroke," Brendan went on. "But 'twas I got the stroke . . . in Borstal."

He howled with laughter as if possession of explosives were a trivial matter and his subsequent incarceration (he was too young to get penal servitude) were excruciatingly funny.

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Then suddenly serious, "The solitary confinement near drove me crazy," he said; "I was never made to be alone."

Idly I said something precious which he was to recall for me many years later. "The genuine artist is crazy and has a hard time of it pretending to be sane: the phony artist is sane and has a hard time pretending to be crazy."

He went on word-painting for me those tragi-comic pictures which were later to be incorporated in *Borstal Boy*. As he talked I could not help experiencing the intense sense of humanity inherent in this then unknown Dublin man.

Later, when again I met him, I found that he was proficient in Gaelic — he had learned the language from fellow internees in the Curragh. Under a roaring exterior he hid a keen love of his country and the things indigenous to his own soil; when he had won fame (some would call it notoriety) he spoke out unhesitatingly in favor of his own people when it might have been materially of benefit to him to keep his mouth shut.

He had the nimble tongue of the Dublin man. He *spoke* literature — a torrent of never-ending observations informed with humanity close to the reality of the Dublin streets. I listened to him one night in O'Neill's pub in Pearse Street. His *Quare Fella* had been alternating with my *Song of the Anvil* at the Abbey Theatre down the road. As I go to Dublin only a few times a year, he had heard I was coming and had left word with Seán O'Riada, then leader of the little Abbey Theatre Orchestra and a man who has profoundly developed Irish traditional music, that I was to contact him as soon as I reached the city.

This was the time when Brendan could hardly walk a hundred yards without attracting a crowd of observers and admirers. As I didn't feel quite up to being one of such a host, I didn't get in touch with him. Later in the week he met me and quietly taxed me with forgetting his invitation. We adjourned to the tavern. He was "on the dry" at this time. I watched him narrowly: behind the mask of gaiety I fancied I saw in him the human unsure person we all more or less are.

To my son Jimmy, then a young graduate, he was kindness itself. He listened with patience to my son's young ideas he himself had long since sloughed in the light of bitter experience. All the while he quipped and roared greetings to the people entering or leaving and reminisced in a manner that was truly memorable.

His lively mind was fully evidenced in a short film which showed him being interviewed by Eamon Andrews, a Dublin man who had risen to the very top of British radio and television. The story goes that the interview was shot with little or no rehearsal, probably in a pub in Dublin. How the Dublin cinema audiences roared as Brendan glibly held his interviewer (this is precisely the response that the good interviewer evokes) at bay! I cannot quote verbatim from the film, but memory of part of it goes like this.

"Are you a Catholic, Brendan?" "Certainly I'm a Catholic — a bad Catholic." "Have you any regrets for having taken part in the subversive business in Britain?" "I'll tell you — if you fight for the liberty and unity of a small country — you're an anarchist: but if you go bombin' for a great power, you're a patriot. It all depends on the size of the country in question." I can still see Brendan's eyes narrowing and his tongue rolling in his cheek before each reply. And I can hear the Dublin movie audiences roar approval for a fine performance.

Because he was a cityman bred and born, I think that at first he must have had the true citizen's distrust of the open spaces of rural Ireland. To the average Dublin boy the land beyond the "Red Cow," a famous inn near suburban Clondalkin, is terra incognita, where hefty, hairy Culchies (or yokels) armed with clubs clump around the bogs in search of well-behaved "gurriers" or city lads. This mind-barrier of Dublin Brendan broke by his contact with the country lads with whom he was interned in Ireland during World War II. He spoke Irish fluently — his play *The Hostage* was first written and produced in Irish. He visited the Irish-speaking districts of the west coast (as, indeed, Dylan Thomas had done before him), and when he portrayed a country man he did so with true understanding.

After his release he and his fellow internees for a time found it difficult to secure employment. So they banded themselves together in a type of co-operative unit: carpenters, plumbers, plasterers and painters, to tender for reconstruction work. The first big job they secured was the reconstruction of Derrynane House, County Kerry, residence of Daniel O'Connell the Liberator, who won Catholic Emancipation for the Irish in 1829 (Vide *King of the Beggars* — Seán O'Faoláin). On the beautiful but wild stretch of coast in which the house is situated, Brendan, the painter of the group, came fully face to face with the countryside which a true

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city gamin instinctively fears. By a coincidence the old parish priest was a namesake, Father Behan, and this served to prove to Brendan that the west of Ireland was after all inhabited by people with whom he had much in common.

I had other contacts with him which provided subjects of common interest whenever I met him. On the invitation of Ben Kiely, the writer and literary editor of the *Irish Press,* Brendan and I each contributed a weekly column to the paper. I did a piece called "MacMahon on Monday," dealing mainly with subjects of rural interest, and Brendan contributed a midweek column in which he described the magical gab of "the old wans" in the pubs of Dublin. With a recurrent catch-cry of "Trew for yew Mr. Being" he caught these toping old folk with rare skill — these pieces helped to provide much of the material in "Hold Your Hour and Have Another."

About this time also on the invitation of Micheál O'hAodha of Radio Eireann, I had designed and scripted a radio program called "The Ballad-Maker's Saturday Night," which built up a big listening public. Submerged in correspondence (the ballad is all-powerful in Ireland), I got out from under the program to let other hands take over. Among the first to do so was Brendan Behan, who contributed almost forgotten ballads of Dublin City. I can still hear him sing the ballad he later incorporated into *The Quare Fella:*

"In the early mornin' the screw was bawlin'
'Get up you bowsy and clean out yer cell!'
While that ould triangle, it went jingle-jangle
Along the banks of the Royal Canal.

"In the female prison there are seventy-four wimmin
And it's with them there I would like to dwell
But that ould triangle, it goes jingle-jangle
Along the banks of the Royal Canal."

As written these words look robust but innocuous enough: as sung by Brendan they were electrifying. The electricity of his presence pervaded Ireland as a whole and caused total strangers to say to one another without preamble or introduction, "He's on the wagon again — he's making a great fight of it surely." This is the classical allusion, a common Irish struggle more literary than real, dating back from the "Whiskey you're the Devil" of the Clancy brothers to "Raftery and the Whiskey" and even to the dim past in which the Irish invented whiskey or "uisge beatha" — the water of life. Coming as it did at times from the mouths of many of the great half-million-strong army of young Irish who have voluntarily given up all alcohol, there is implicit in the reference the real voice of understanding. In his day Brendan did what we shall charitably call dramatic things — but somehow it seemed that, after the initial shock, the Irish again and again forgave their wilful but supremely human son, and engulfed him in their affections. I cannot ever recall his being publicly condemned: he must have earned occasional censure, but somehow or other I cannot now recall a single instance of it. His capers were interpreted in the light of his Borstal experiences and his diabetic condition, and invariably the Irish reaction was "The poor devil — what harm is he doin' but his own?"

John Donne in a characteristic excess of wisdom spoke of "a strenuous virtue or a strenuous sin." Brendan would I feel have liked the quotation. He had a great deal of the playboy to his makeup, which mingled with the shrewd realization that it was good business to interrupt his own plays by shouting at the actors from the stalls and even going on stage to fool it up for a while, or to sing, like an ordinary street busker before the crowds queuing outside the theatre. But all in all he brightened the scene and gave entertainment to a pretty drab world.

In the bygone Dublin that breathed the spirit of Jonathan Swift there lived an old balladmaker who called himself Zozimus. He sat on a stone near the Four Courts and rattled off balladry about St. Patrick and Pharaoh's daughter, "who lived contagious to the Nile": in this Dublin too lived a termagant of a fishwife called Biddy Moriarty, whose tongue was considered invincible until conquered by Daniel O'Connell by the simple trick of using a terminology of abuse with which she had scant acquaintance, so that when she was called a downright parallelogram, a barefaced hypotenuse, and a wall-eyed rhomboid, she was left gasping like one of her own codfish. In the Dublin of recent years there also lived a picaresque writer in Gaelic called Pádraic O'Conaire who often climbed the railing of St. Stephen's Green to pass the night sleeping amid the ducks that nest in the island in the mid-park lake. Somehow Brendan Behan managed to fuse together the spirits of Zozimus, Dan O'Connell, Biddy Moriarty, and Pádraic O'Conaire. What emerged was a marvellous and vital human being who played the pipes for a scintillating while and then fell silent.

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It was night. I strolled downtown towards the central business section of Iowa City. From East Washington Street, the place below twinkled like a Christmas tree. Frozen snow crunched underneath my boots. *Tom Jones* was showing at the "Varsity." This March night Brendan Behan was being cried for in Dublin, and for once the hack obituary phrase, "he was loved by all classes and creeds, by gentle and simple," would seem to be appropriate.

Passing a bookshop I saw something that made me pause. Half the window was bare of books and on it had been placed a square of black crêpe paper. In the middle of the black paper stood a half-empty glass of beer with a deadman bottle beside it. On an ash-tray was a half-smoked cigarette, its long ash grey — dead. A copy of *The Quare Fella* and a much-handled photo of Brendan Behan completed the display.

I stayed looking at the display for a long while. It was a fair tribute in the American manner. About me the street was empty and the smell of Pizza and coffee was strong in the frosted air. Then I smiled: the beer bottle was British Bass, a drink that, due to an alleged anti-Irish statement by one of the directors, the I.R.A. had tried to outlaw in Ireland. "Will I change it?" the girl in the bookstore asked when I told her of it. "No," I said — Brendan would have liked the irony of the tribute." So we let it stand.

P.S.

Air letter from my son Jimmy:

Down beat Caván today in the Football League Semi-Final — Kerry are playing Dublin next Tuesday. Brendan Behan (I know you've heard) died — I went to his funeral with Seán O'Briain — it was an extraordinary funeral — not so sad (people knew his premature death was inevitable), but it was an extraordinary combination of people. When the remains were being removed from the Meath Hospital, Jimmy Hiney the ballad-maker struck up the Rosary from the midst of the theatrical and poor Dublin assemblage — It's like a passage from the Gospel. They are still talking about him here and will be for a long time to come.

The Hitchhiker

Thumbing the super-road,
I saw King Death
clomping the paved grade.

The snow blew through his bones,
and each car's wheels
made his white horse leap.

He stopped—unlike the live—
and every joint
death-cold, I mounted up.

"Why not a used hearse,
or ice-cream truck?"
I said, obliged to joke.

A bolt of nothing hurled
the white bend
and vanished upon the wind;

and from far away came
the sound of steel
smashing, and a column of smoke.

We kept our own council
regarding the dead,
but drawing abreast that spot

He clambered down and draped
that charred corpse
over his shining knees.

It seemed that both my legs
had dropped asleep.
"I'll stamp them back to life,"

I said, and slithered down,
and fell, running.
He did not turn his head.

"Your supper will be late,"
and left me there,
drinking the white exhaust,

the thumbed wind, and wondering—
why had a King
the orange voice of home?

Paul Petrie

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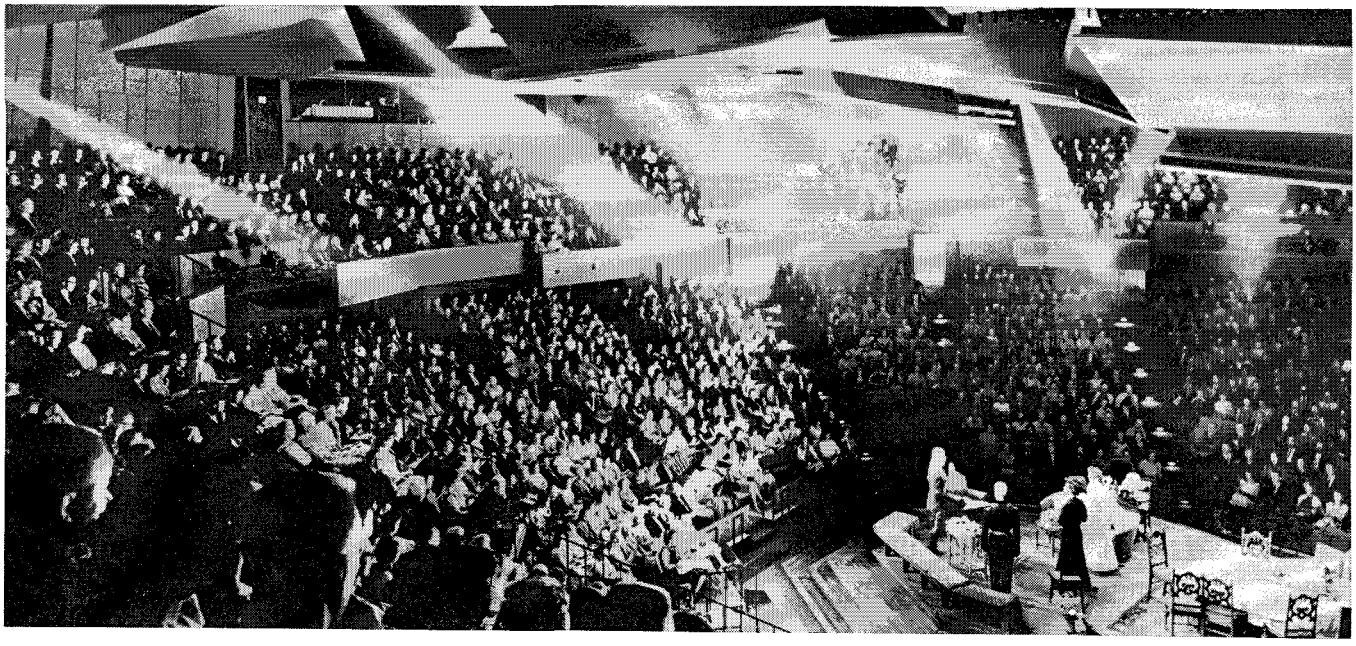
THE AMERICAN THEATER IN TEN YEARS?



Oliver Rea

Three professional theater schools?
Five professional resident theaters?

Less a clairvoyant than a cynic, I would find it tedious and false to attempt a peek into the American theatrical future. Suffice it then that I dream a bit about the direction I hope the theater will take, and, conversely, what I pray will not occur.

As much as five years ago, an article such as this would have been meaningless. With little exception the sum and total of our national theater experience was commercially centered in, and from, Broadway. Haphazard, directionless, and artistically corrupt, the Broadway theater was hardly worthy of being written about. Happily, today I need not attempt the effort. The Broadway stage will undoubtedly be the same animal ten years from now; ticket prices and production costs will quite naturally treble, but the end product will be similar, and will fill the identical entertainment need that it does today. But during the past five years a short and hesitant step has been taken in the long awaited move toward the serious institutionalizing of the American theater, and it is that movement which possibly can bear fruit in ten years.

The Resident Professional Theater exists today. It exists, quite frankly, by the skin of its teeth. Its foothold on the American scene is tenuous; its beachhead is threatened daily by superior alien forces. Coddled by patriarchal foundations, wined and dined by consuming institutions of higher learning, and now courted like the Beatles by a voracious national press, the Resident Professional Theater is treading water, and it is doing that, confusedly.

The list of beachheads is now well known:

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commencing with the Lincoln Center Company in New York, The Arena in Washington, D.C., The Alley in Houston, The Tyrone Guthrie Theater in Minneapolis, and a growing list of many others. All these beachheads differ in a thousand and one details, but they join together on two unique and vital points: 1. They are non-profit, tax exempt, professional theaters pledged and dedicated to the task of becoming institutions of cultural necessity in their respective communities, and 2. They share an almost maniacal devotion to quality through the search for an American style of acting and production. This search for style and quality is perhaps the most signal philosophy of the theater today. The revolt against the drawing-room comedy has led our theater into dark days. The American actor rests today, untrained in his craft. Unable to move or speak, his pathetic gropings for truth and self have brought our theater to its knees. The outlandish ticket prices and shady business practices of Broadway are far less damaging to our theater than its devotion to cultural pretense and corrupt artistic values.

The task of the Resident Professional Theater during the next ten years is horrific, simple, and exciting: It must dedicate itself to the creation of an American Theater culture. It must finally, and for all time, discard kitsch and cant. It must, first of all, commence studies and investigations leading toward the establishment of true and proper schools of training for theater personnel, most especially actors. The "professional" acting school, tarred and crippled by "Method" practices, turns out an ever-increasing number of ill-equipped drones. Our University theater training appears at present writing not to fill any desired need: on one hand, the University theater operates very second or third rate stock companies, and on the other hand turns out hoards of prospective drama teachers, who will venture out multiplying the sins of their teachers. In the early days of planning for the Guthrie Theater here in Minneapolis a question that seemed always to present itself was whether or not the experienced professional actor from New York would dare venture out from his Broadway haven. The question no longer presents itself, for the New York actor came, and was found wanting. His schooling did not prepare him for serious repertory, and his professional experience was downright damaging to our stated goals. For is it not obvious that if the Resident Professional Theater is to make a stab at the desired goal it must have personnel to attempt the task?

So let me pray that in ten years the following objectives have been obtained and are in operation:

1. Three professional theater schools, geographically dispersed throughout the nation. These schools should have a four year curriculum, and a high school diploma should be the only requirement for admission. These three schools should and MUST have a close relationship with a Resident Professional Theater. This close relationship should take the form wherein the student spends at least one year of his four as a full-time member of the professional company. The curriculum of the school must emphasize acting as a craft to be learned from "the outside in." Daily labors on voice, speech, body movement, and the like should be the beginning motif. The graduate should be a finely tuned instrument capable of coping with the repertory of the theater which he shall join. This school could, naturally, be formed on the campus of a university, but before that can happen university administrations must discard ancient faculties and shibboleths, and be genuinely excited about the search for new theatrical values.

2. Ten years from now I hope there will be in existence five Professional Resident Theaters of top and unique quality. De-centralization is a word of the 1950's. Nothing could be more disastrous than to move Broadway standards and goals throughout the country; these values are rampant in every other aspect of our culture through the breadth and depth of the nation. Let us keep high walls around the Broadway scene, thereby not risking the infection of the rest of the nation. It is undoubtedly optimistic, and possibly naive, to think that there could be five theaters of quality existing in ten years, since we do not have even one existing today. Numbers are, however, unimportant; for if we have just one theater of importance ten years from now we will have accomplished a great deal. Having discarded de-centralization because, for the moment, we have nothing to decentralize, let me generalize about what I think these one to five theaters of quality should be doing ten years from now:

First and foremost the repertory of the theater should balance between the great classical plays of the past and the experimental works of the present. Each theater should have two "salles," and also perhaps two quite different artistic directors. No theater is a complete entity until it deals with the great past and probes the uncer-

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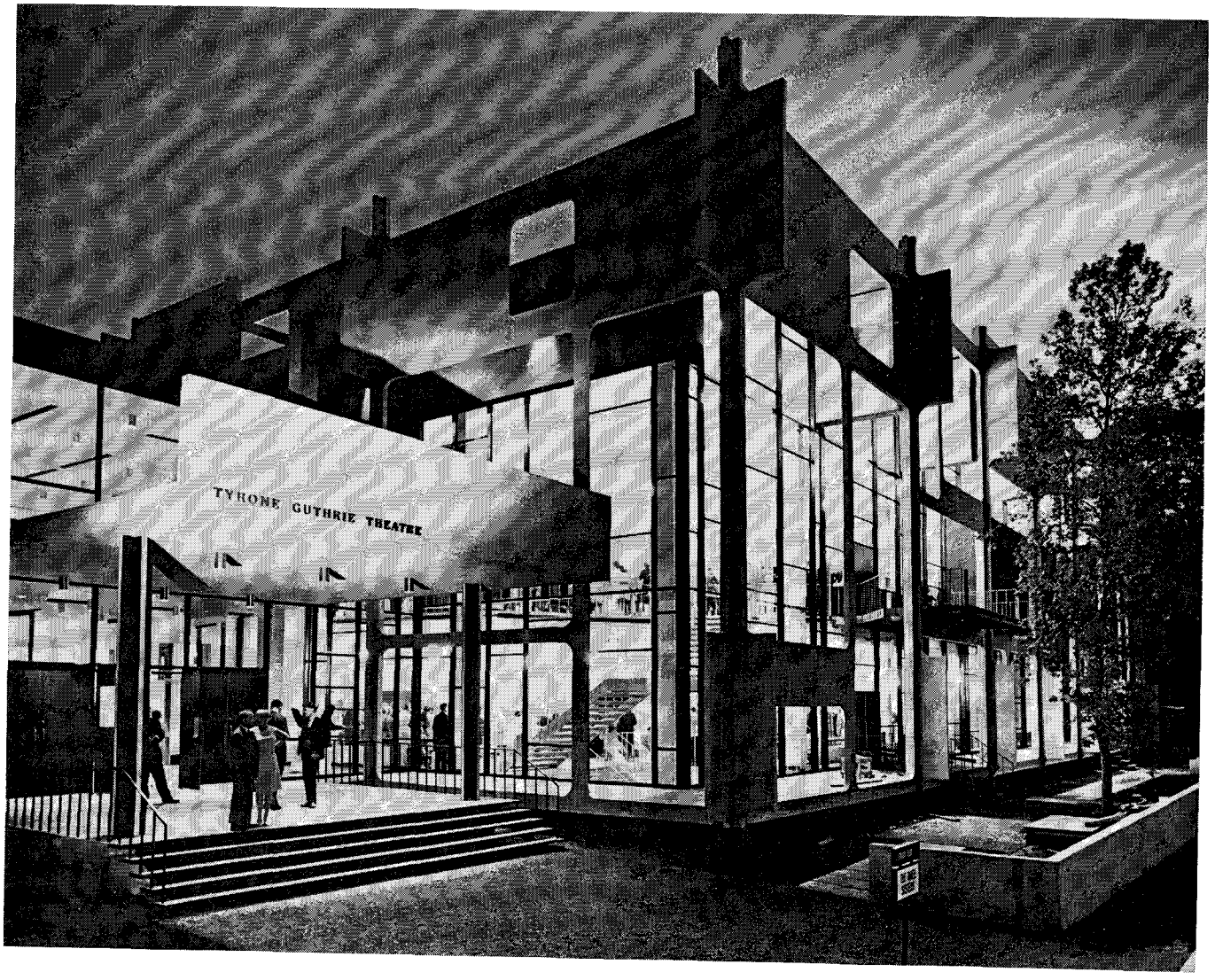
tain future. The great plays have been missing from our existing theater because of the ignorance, incapacity, and sloth of theater people. The emptiness of the contemporary play is at least partly to blame on the fact that the playwright has been writing either for Broadway kitsch or a loft on Bleeker Street. The contemporary writer must become an integral part of each and every theater company. He must write not only for and about his time, but for a company of actors working in a specific theater, in a specific city in this specific country.

These are the things that could happen in the next ten years; whether or not they will is anybody's guess. I do feel, however, that if a major portion of them do not occur, America will have lost a unique chance to build towards a Theater Culture that has been so sadly lacking—and I don't think another chance will come along for another hundred years or so.



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"Dad, why did you want to be an actor?"

The Play's Not the Only Thing

James Daly

Every now and then some young person comes to ask my advice about becoming an actor. The other day I had a visit from a nice-looking young fellow — a neighbor — whom I had known since he was a little lad. Now married and a father (he had dropped out of high school and then prep school), he was working in a lumber yard.

"Why," I asked him, "have you suddenly decided that you'd like to be an actor?"

"Well," says he, "I saw *Barefoot in the Park* the other night, and it occurred to me it might be kinda fun to do something like that."

Later that day, my son, Tim (eight), who apparently had overheard this profound exchange, asked me — while we were digging a trench out in the pasture — for war-games, you know,

"Dad, why did you want to be an actor?"

I maundered around for a time, as is my wont when confronted with a fundamental issue, but finally came up with,

"Well, Tim, I guess it was because I wanted to be different from what I was. The way you like to pretend that you're a soldier or a cowboy or whatever."

Long pause.

"Why didn't you just change your name?" says he.

I once was asked by an East Indian medical doctor (a woman) — in this country to do some medical research — if I could get her a job as an actress.

"Just for a lark, you know — for a short time. It's something I've always wanted to try. In my country only men and whores may act."

"Well, Doctor, I'll tell you what," I bargained, "if you can get me an appendectomy to perform, I'll see what I can do for you. I've always wanted to cut somebody up, and in my country only people with licenses may perform ope-ations."

My own Mother, on the occasion of her first visit to a Hollywood TV studio, said — in utter astonishment — "But, Jimmy, this is WORK!"

When I was playing in MacLeish's *JB*, Christopher Plummer and I asked the director, Elia Kazan, if we might not alternate the roles of Nickles and JB during the summer months of the run. We felt this would keep us and the performance fresh, and that both we and the audience might learn something. "Kid stuff," was his reply.

Somehow I feel "cribbed, cabined, and confined" by the notion that my chosen profession is child's play.

Well, perhaps, much of the time it is — nowadays. But what is really childish, it seems to me, is the attitude so many people have about the art, and/or craft of acting, and its practitioners. Actors are so very often alternately over- and under-rated — both as people and as workers.

I think this may be due to the fact that most people know so little about the work of the actor. Especially in America, where we so seldom get the chance to see our fine actors play more than one kind of part (or two) for the whole of their careers.

I lived in Sweden for a year, and though I spoke only "taxi Swedish," attended the theatre there with great enjoyment. (My wife once said she found it a very informing experience to go to the theatre when she didn't understand the language that was being spoken.

"You can watch the acting," she said.)

The attitude of our Swedish friends about their actors was wonderfully healthy, I thought. I remember seeing a performance of *Doll's House,* and being very enthusiastic about the Nora.

"Yes, she was quite good," said my Swedish companion, "but I have not yet seen her Juliet, or her St. Joan, or her Ophelia."

The idea that one reserved judgment of the talent of an actor until one had had the opportunity to see him perform several of the great classic roles was a new and profoundly meaningful one to me. And I realized that in America we very seldom have the opportunity to see this. I don't know whether "overnight success" (if there is such a thing) is an American invention or not; but surely the idea of it proliferates here. In the theatre, at any rate. No pianist, for example, would be taken seriously as an artist if he played only Debussy. Van Cliburn, after the Russians had acclaimed his interpretations of Tschaikovsky, was harried by the musical critics

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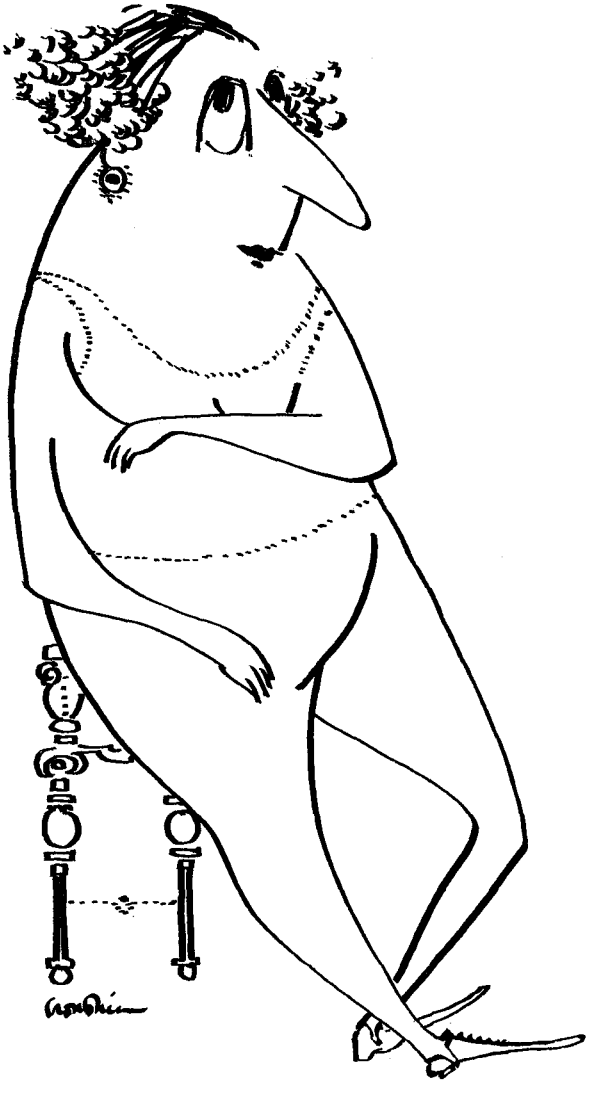
into broadening his range before they felt that they could assess his true worth as a musician. Our theatre critics (and the theatre-going public) on the other hand, are for the most part quite content to let their actors go on repeating themselves. More than that, they are apt to resent any attempt the actor may make to break out of a mold. But this is the old story which Romain Rolland speaks of in *Jean Christophe*; I have forgotten the precise words, but the idea is that the one thing harder to achieve than Fame, is to change the character of that Fame once it has been achieved.

In our theatre the real interest seems always to be in the text of the play, rather than in its interpretation. There is nothing wrong about this (and, indeed, the whole relationship between the printed page of a play and the spoken and illuminated performance is a mystery; it is almost impossible to unravel the separate contributions of the actor, director, author—and audiences—unless one could attend rehearsals —and often not even then). But the text of the play is, as someone has called it, really only a blueprint for the performance. And I feel that not enough is known about this sea-change from paper to performance by the critics and the general public. (In Russia critics attend rehearsals, and seldom write reviews of a play until it has been playing for a month or two. This would take some getting used to for us American actors. I speak with authority, having once rehearsed a full day in front of Walter Kerr and an interview staff from *Time* magazine. No thanks. (There must be some other way!)



This over-emphasis on the play—on the literary side of the theatre art—becomes a real drawback, though, in times when there is a dearth of new plays worth doing. Where the actors are trained to perform the classics, there are always plays worth doing, and a knowing interest by public and critics in how they are done. And this training has been woefully inadequate in America.

As in everything else, there are fashions in theatre. Sometimes we have an actors' theatre, sometimes a playwrights' theatre, sometimes a directors'. And sometimes the whole affair has been dominated by the managers. The theatre has achieved greatness under the benevolent despotism of all four. But I think it is about time in the American Theatre that the actors had a bash at running things again. It's our turn. And I think we're going to get it.

The other day Mrs. Lyndon Johnson said that this was a good time to be a woman. I have a hunch that it is also going to be a good time to be an actor (no cracks, please). Repertory companies (the finest known method of training actors in the classics, and in the development of range and style) are becoming established across the country. The long talked-of decentralization of the American Theatre is at last beginning to have some reality. America has finally followed the rest of the world to the recognition that the film can be an art form. We now have a government that has recognized the artist as an asset to society, rather than just a colorful odd-ball. And has done this with more than windy rhetoric—in such measures as the income-tax averaging plan for actors, authors, athletes, etc. Perhaps it is wishful thinking, but it is my feeling that one no longer need be cockeyed to be an optimist about the future of the American Theatre and its actors.

I even feel the day may come when Tim will know why I didn't just change my name.

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How Like You That, Sweet Will?

Ogden Dwight

23d July, 1613

Wm. Shakespeare, Gent.
New Place
Stratford-upon-Avon
Warwickshire
Dear Master Shakespeare—

I beg thine ear, in telling thee of divers talk much heard of late from persons of some station and esteem, to this effect: How goeth it with Avon's silent bard? Such discourse doth bespeak the low estate to which your name and works have slid since that great Globe, the "wooden 'O'" (so you did pun), collapsed in awesome blaze scarce four weeks past.

I stood in that brave pit, oh, long 'fore its destruction, although you did not know me; still I am no stranger to the newer players. We hold debate, o'er tankards in your former haunts, on ripeness of the time to mark your day of birth, and act again a play of yours, in novel ways and most extraordinary.

To this good end, I do entreat an audience on that emprise, in your good time and place—reserving share and profit for myself for burden of expense and risk. You dwell, I have informed myself, much propertied and well content, but still not loath to swell your recompense and treasure. So I, on own account and without fee, repair to Quiney's Inn at Stratford Tuesday week, and wait your grace.

Yr most respectful servant,
Saml Speed
Agent-Impresario
Bankside, London

* * *

15 August, 1613

Wm Shakespeare
Stratford-upon-Avon

Dear Master: Well now I know your gentleness. Your quick assent to my fair birthday scheme did whelm me—puzzled although, by thy diffidence to purpose, means, and general advantage. You did propose a three-to-one division for yourself, whereas my thought had been to level all increase between us. All risk, I vow again, is mine, and so I should reap greater share. But this can wait agreement 'til the gala leaps up off the ground.

You promised help—on my decision of which play, deferring to my choice. So for the matter straight: I do suggest a new performance of *Macbeth,* the Scottish tragedy. Because I hold your tendresse of consent, I most need now its text, since none is here on sale. (In my opine, your knavish cronies, Heminge and Condell, are over-jealous of its keep.) Please message a fair copy to my inn, that I may then embark upon revise that shall astound both one and all—to coin, ha ha, a phrase.

In urgency, yr svt.,
S. Speed

* * *

12 Septr, 1613

Dear Mr Shakespeare: You did agree (I think) some changes may be made in your *Macbeth,* with me to cast the lines according to a lighter nature for a festival. Your birthday next to come, I find, is counted fiftieth, an ancient age indeed. Thus you, now out of fashion and so long unplayed, for certain would not duel on changing thought and words. Rest you serene, sweet Master Shakespeare; I plot for you no harm or damage.

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But royal and publick tastes have changed, and present laughter's all for masque and song. We'll need new lilts and catches, and some jigs. My tunesmiths here will pen them to insert at likeliest occasions.

Meanwhile, respects from one whom it would please

if you would call,
Sam Speed

* * *

21 Septr, 1613

Dear Shakespre: Much thanks for that fair copy of our Mac the Thane. I saw the play pit-wise, though I'd not thought it bulked so large. But if we are, as we did so contract, to put it to revive, my notion is, 'tis overdark and lacks too much of mirth. You left it up to me, so I have put the Witches' parts in song and dance, and do propose to raise the count and duty of the boys therein, with girls to boot, to sing and march in lockstep drills to please the crowd. You should not quarrel with this. More horses, too (since puns you like), might help our gate.

With due respect,
Sam Speed

* * *

10 Octr, 1613

Master—The lines and scenes of your cruel play *Macbeth* are on the move. 'Tis only fair that you should know I have arranged for liv'ried horse to prance upon the stage, a feat you never tried. Each one will have on flanks, for fee, a sign—like "Osbert, Ostler to the Rich," or, "Stabler Saul, Proud Steeds for Stud and Hire." Glimpse thou the drift? These compromises will not harm the plot, and horseflesh stinks no worse than those who will applaud.

I'm building up the roles of tender goslings, Fleance and a new-invented friend, a bouncy girl, forsooth, who'll spirit him away into her cavern-pad. The dead King Duncan's guards I have made Clowns—those held in my indenture juggle well. And we'll not slay them; two fewer murders will not matter. (For you have writ—O God !—eleven deaths within the play, omitting all those severed soldiers' corpses, heads on pikes, and such.)

We need a banquet song, and torchy ballad for Milady M.; please send a verse of gamy sport. I did engage for April next an open tract, where timbered stands will hold anticipated throngs in numbers past our fairest dreams.

Devotedly, your
Sam

* * *

24 Novr, 1613

Will, my Coz: Stay there; forget your rage. Your visits only set us back. I think it best that you should loll by hearth whilst work goes on down here. My scribes do only seethe with angry talk when you depart.

You did not like the clowning guards—all right, their catch-tune can be saved if you promote those walk-on doctors into singing roles to hymn "Too late, too late" in barbershop refrain.

We've met some royal displeasure, too. There's o'ermuch onstage blood, which I did hint before. If guards and cutthroats slay, then why not make them comic when they kill? And give the doctors names: we call one Dunsinane (a crafty joke: an inane dunce !); the other, Wood O'Birnam. Like thou that plan? I do indeed.

Best ever,
Sammy

* * *

24 Novr, 1613

Now, Shake-scene: Calm—enough, enough. I brush your scolds aside. The news is rich so far. Sweet Will, your Sam is always busy in his skull. (They ask it well, "What makes him run?") I'm selling schemes about the monster Shakespeare broil, and everywhere the rally's well received. The gate, 'tis said, should stack our coffers high.

And that's not all. Our profit should be great, not only from the throng, but in new ways you know not of. One is: why should a playbill's back be bare? There's space thereon to put a notice for an inn, so one I sold. And glovers, hatters, tailors, too, have bought our sell. Some boatmen on the Thames will show bold signs to tell the date—when you make up your cotton-picking mind. These oarsmen even now do pass out teasing cards to gentry that they ferry on the open stream.

For golden guineas do we lease the right to hawk pale ale inside the stands, and orange vendors, too, must cut us in. How like you that, sweet Will? We'll milk the lordlings dry of purse. All ledgers of concession trade just leave to me to keep (your share-men cheat).

So all goes well with
Sam, your man

* * *

7 January, 1614

Gentle Coz: My brain doth teem and scheme of florins more. We take our crowd, which cannot exit merry new *Macbeth,* and cry among them pitches for all kinds of goods—those cries well paid, of course. They stink, we furnish

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scent or fragrant salve. (Would any Avon ladies like this work?) We'll also sell fruit juice so laced with water it would make fat Falstaff puke. Pray leave this work to me; hands off. I'll do it all, and my trade-boys and maidens too, in scanty garb, could soap and change the course of life in this unlaundered isle.

In haste,
S.S.

* * *

14 February, 1614

Dear Friend: I cannot understand you, sweetheart Will. Your vision is befogged by Stratford ease. Like this is but the start. Be money-wise. *Macbeth* and all your other plays are merely raw material for more. That drunken porter, now—he's worth a piece himself, an Uncle Tom who sparks adventure, mirth piled on. Or Antony and Cleopatra there, whose deaths need not occur (but bed, oh, yes), a pair whose amours could be vaults historic.

And then fair Juliet's rough nurse, whose bawdy talk and humble wimple veil a heart of gold—a common, nut-brown name she'd bear, say Hazel. Or then that "lug-the-guts" your crazy Hamlet stabbed, that wise old man Polonius. For shame, a kind adviser he—Polonius knows best. All this if only you'd bestir yourself and take up cast-down pen to write. Why not?

With hope, from
Sam

* * *

1 March, 1614

Look here, my Coz: Do I detect disgust within thy tone? Ay me, but this is none of thy concern, nor is the play itself—thy birthday's all that counts, the date alone. The twenty-third next month—how swift it doth creep on.

Oh, well, 'tis Bloody Mac himself who gives me frets. We must revise again. I spoke of Witches Three in song and dance, and warbling doctors, too. You railed and ranted: think again. I spoke of blood, and war; there's far too much of both. A tragic play will not draw fleas. My music will.

Our young and present Queen (God rest old Bess) doth dance from dusk to dawn, so let us dance it, too. I know you'll sure object, but tune-hacks here have penned two songs of hit portent—"Assassins Three Are We" and "Toil and Trouble, Boil and Bubble"—for whirling Witches, doctor-drolls, and Fools. And there's that banquet feast to lend itself to Chorus—twelve girls in briefest kilts; a clutch of forest doxies, too, to kick up heels in line and dress as bare as law allows. Dig thou the scene?

Thus do I plan a comic-musical, all new, and 'twill amaze our times. There—for the title does not now ring true. "Macbeth" is gruff—it will repulse. Your lines should call him "Mac" throughout, although he is and will remain a wretch. What say you then (as blazon for the play) to "Mac the Knife"?

Make hast with your reply to
Speed

* * *

23 April, 1614

Dear Shag: Go howl and rave, like Lear. You gave me a copy of your book, and have no right in law to say me nay. Your name upon the script would help, 'tis true, but even that will never now be missed, since you protest too much. I'll take the gate, and fees for fruit and ale and nuts, all to myself, and placards on the boats, and program space.

Your dramas, then, I wring and hurl aside. My boys can take your plays and smash them into shards. In secret from your house I snatched enough of them to make me rich—perhaps a lord—while sore bereft you sit, to rue the nights you wrote your trash. I'll even cloak the author's name—so Bacon or Oxford, Marlowe, say, or e'en our late belov'd Elizabeth herself will reap the fame you burned because you cursed out Speedy Sam.

Your birthday, faugh! None will remember it for long, scarce past today. As dust thou wert, so dust thou e'er shall be. I'll hear no more from such a fool. So pox on you, old man, you worm, you dog, you toad, you rat of finkdom. And then go to.

Saml Speed
Producer Unexcelled
Purveyor to the Crowd

* * *

24 April, 1614

Master Ben Jonson
(By Messenger)

Most Learned Sir:

Hast ever thought of setting down original folk-verse, to be concerted, and for goodly sums of coin, in chant and hoot in any sing-along? This golden chance did cross my brain . . . &c &c . . .

and
so
on.

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Reviews

Film

ALMOST A PROPER INTEGRITY

Persons connected with the motion picture *industry* have told me that I should not write about "Hollywood" because it does not exist. They say it never existed as an entity: it was simply a place where good and bad actors, directors, and producers lived and worked. One could not and cannot responsibly generalize about it.

But I feel we must retain the word to describe that quality of *disintegrity* which marks American films, whether they are made in California or New York. I am not speaking of bad films like those involving Doris Day—pure ersatz all the way through, like the luscious-looking technicolor desserts served at my university's cafeteria, dark mammoth cherries swimming below creamless whipped cream, with crust like cardboard, but about good films like *David and Lisa,* which in its production was completely divorced from Hollywood's industrial processing. The ending of *David and Lisa* was a heavy-handed visual cliche, but not so the sequence in which Lisa discovered herself as a person in a perfection of filmic communication—she lies in bed and reaches out her arm to look at her hand cupped and returning toward her to caress her own cheek and moving down to her breast. And so with *The Miracle Worker,* with its tiresome and eventually meaningless repetition of shots of the child Helen Keller wrestling with Annie Sullivan, her nurse, in which neither person is further revealed as the pictures grind on. In the same film occur the daring, ghostly, ambiguous flashbacks to Annie's childhood, which, although not perfectly wedded to the other elements in the film, mark an artistic experiment of the first order in American film. And similarly inconsistent is *Gypsy,* in which the skinny, humorless little girl Natalie Wood is cast in the role of that most satirical and knowing woman, Gypsy Rose Lee.

With few exceptions American films since Charlie Chaplin and Buster Keaton have lacked artistic integrity, whether in total failure to speak truly of life or in small but disastrous concessions to imagined public taste. Although the major Hollywood companies do not dominate film-making as they once did, the false vein still shows up in every picture otherwise gold. I think the adjective "Hollywood" is still accurate and useful to describe that compromise, that speciousness, that fatal flaw.

The most recent example is *Love with the Proper Stranger,* a film of staggering excellences —produced independently and distributed by Paramount Pictures—which is almost destroyed by the casting, again, of Natalie Wood as a second-generation Italian girl living with her family in New York and working at Macy's. When Steve McQueen, a sharpie of a musician, shows compassion for her as a girl pregnant with his child and says, "I'll marry you," she reads the great lines, "If I said OK, your teeth would fall out. Right or wrong?" with absolutely no comprehension of who she is or what she is saying.

Otherwise, no one engaged in *Love with the Proper Stranger*—not actor, director, producer, cameraman, scenery man—disturbed the oneness of this work of art. It is true to its story, its characters, its America, and the visual medium of film. Director Robert Mulligan was really in charge.

The words of writer Arnold Schulman (who wrote the TV and Broadway plays *Hole in the Head*) not only ring true to Manhattan speech but to all the frightening and humorous situations in which his characters find themselves. Late in the film when in sexy dress Natalie Wood opens the door of her apartment to Steve McQueen, he says,

"You look so—" and spreads out his hands, speechless! "What am I gonna tell you? You look like—a woman."

"You manage to make a compliment sound like an insult," she says.

"Well, what am I gonna say? OK. You look like a man. What's doing? I've seen girls all my life since I was fourteen, and now I feel like I was fourteen, but I never felt this way when I was fourteen."

In this dialogue surprise follows surprise, and arises not from cleverness but from truth. When McQueen finally locates Miss Wood at her job in the pet department of Macy's, he stands Chaplinesque in the aisle, feet turned outward, beaming his silly but irresistible smile. Knowing she is pregnant, he comes up and says seriously, "How's everything?"

"Fine," she answers brightly.

"No, I mean *the problem.* What do you mean —*fine*?" he says, irritated.

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Later as they wait toether to evade her brothers before visiting the abortionist, he says reflectively, "Why did you go with me that night?"

"Just a stupid experiment," she says.

In this film persons say what they should say in their circumstances, but the words come freshly. When McQueen returns after a year's absence to elicit a loan from his parents, his surprised father looks up to recognize him, saying, "What the damn hell? He's home!"

But what makes this the best American film (except for the major inadequacy of Miss Wood) I have seen since *The Hustler* is that its visual meanings are as powerful as its verbal, and both are fused. The great beautiful child eyes and empty face of Natalie Wood playing a woman who is anything but a child move through the film almost disastrously but not quite, because on every hand what one sees as well as hears is telling. The smallest visual detail, like the four fat metropolitan telephone books piled on his father's crowded rolltop desk in the upholstery shop, is wedded to right words and good acting as Steve McQueen slaps down a wad of bills on the books and says bitterly, "Well, we've got the money," which is the full payment for the abortion obtained through his forced reconciliation with his parents. At the beginning of the picture, McQueen's callousness with women is communicated fully in one brief shot where at the musicians' hiring hall he turns the shoulder of an admiring girl friend and uses her back to write down his job address on a piece of paper. When he walks into the apartment of Edie Adams, the nightclub dancer with whom he is sleeping, he takes one look at the cardboard cutout figure of her standing inside the door and throws his coat over its head, using it as a coat-rack. Moving around the apartment talking to her, he loosens his tie and shirt, takes off his shoes unostentatiously, gesticulates with a bottle of beer and a cigarette both held in his right hand, without words establishing himself as a steady occupant of that place. Ordinary cues, you may say, but when he lies back on the bed complaining of a headache, then slides his head smoothly over to rest on a bedside table and Edie Adams sits down with him and he feels her thigh, all in one motion, you smile but do not think you are being treated to tricks. Looking at his hand, Edie says, "You know me in the cold weather, how I love to be in love." When he changes the mood with complete conviction in his understated line, "Yeah, you with yourself and me with myself," you know actors, director, writer, and cameraman are working faultlessly together.

Density and irony pervade this film, which still carries no air of pretension or intellectuality. It is no playing of games at Marienbad, but a straightforward story of many layers. The hero is not Rock Hudson in looks or derringdo, but a man who registers his uncertainty of himself in great silences, unfinished sentences, silly smiles, and hoppings on one leg. He is not Kafka's or Mickey Spillane's rootless protagonist. Through the suspenseful unraveling of events you find out who he was and see him becoming his better self. Running away from the girl's brothers, helping her to get to the abortionist, he takes refuge with her in his father's upholstery shop on a weekend. He brags of the times he had with a young girl there, and shows Miss Wood a picture of himself on the wall, aged 10. What is in this sequence belongs together but shoots out in all directions with roots and leaves. The old radio on the desk blares out the song written for the film and Miss Wood comments cynically on its assertion that bells and banjos will ring for a person in love. She recalls the kids in high school whose marriages broke up and the people in the subway who look dead. Lying on an ottoman, his head propped up, his hands together in his lap, McQueen says, "Whatdya looking at me for? Do I look dead?" He does. She becomes aware of the artificial rose which she has picked up in the shop, walks to him, and places its stem in his hands and the audience laughs at what is really funny within the sad moment. Second thought tells you that at this point in the story there is genuine question whether McQueen is still dead to other persons' feelings. Will he come alive? This symbolism is more sophisticated and honest than that of director Michelangelo Antonioni in his celebrated sequence in *La Notte* in which Jeanne Moreau walks through the streets passing by one visual cliché after another of male sexuality, finally ending in a field where boys are shooting off fiery rockets.

The rendezvous with the abortionist is one of the simplest and most powerful sequences I have seen on film. The connection is an impatient, curt man who in looks might be your friendly banker; the woman who is prepared to perform the abortion enters the screen looking both ghoulish and next-door-neighbor-unstylish in hooded parka and reveals an intelligent and human face when she takes down her hood. But when she kneels over the instruments in a large open suitcase on the floor and pulls on rubber

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gloves, she becomes more than you can bear. The sequence moves quickly, with no lurid devices. When the crisis comes, the connection and the abortionist move rapidly and believably out of the room — almost no words are spoken throughout the action, which becomes gruesome principally visually as a vulnerable young woman is asked to disrobe in an absolutely empty room.

Robert Mulligan learned his art directing hundreds of TV dramas for Philco, Alcoa-Goodyear shows. His genius in this film is best seen in his frequent powerful use of Miss Wood in sequences where he does not allow her to speak and thus reduce the otherwise high level of excellence in the film. In the room where she undresses she keeps her face to the wall, unable to turn toward the abortionist and proceed with the operation, and when McQueen bursts into the room she remains there before a hot water radiator and a dirty wall in her underclothes, all the more affecting because she does not move or speak. On Sunday when she and McQueen wait for the connection's car, standing under the covered walk of the dreary commission merchant's warehouse on the deserted street, not yet knowing each other well, but feeling urges toward sympathy, they stand apart. McQueen nervously shifts his feet, suddenly steps backward up onto a step and disappears behind a jutting pilaster which then separates them neatly. She takes a quick girlish peek to see if he has not disappeared altogether, and, reassured, composes herself. The audience laughs. She holds her arms straight down, hands pushed in her topcoat pockets and for once she looks genuinely desolate and cold and in need of the manly help that possibly stands near her.

It is a brutal and warm story which I saw twice in a Kalamazoo, Michigan, theater, each time with an audience of about 125, a group ordinarily small enough to inhibit laughter or vocal responses which attest the audience is moved. But around me the audience laughed at the expected and unexpected right places. They laughed with McQueen and at him, richly appreciative of his panting, unheroic climb of the stairs to Miss Wood's apartment, small bouquet in hand, his pause before the door with finger extended to ring the bell, slow body movement forward, and missing the bell by four inches, partly from clumsiness and partly from lack of courage. They laughed at the wild shot of the babbling Italian mother retired to her baroque bed to complain like Molière's imaginary invalid of the misery of her daughter had brought upon the family. They laughed at the trite words of the uninformed priest about facing up to individual responsibility which were so inappropriate to Steve McQueen who had already acted the generous man in his gruff and groping way.

Although this film will be seen by few of the Americans trained to perceptive viewing by experience with films by foreign directors like Visconti, Truffaut, and Resnais, it often matches or exceeds them in density, inevitability, and truth to life, without resorting to visual cliché. The little boy — a pimp in reverse — who informs on the lovers with silent FBI efficiency, showing emotion — greedy satisfaction — only when money is placed in his hand, is the only Negro in the principal cast. One of the few shots not absolutely necessary to the story achieves an unsettling, valuable ambivalence. When McQueen comes "home" to the steel-fenced playground next to the roaring elevated thruway to meet his

parents, he encounters his friendly school chum, now 30, who introduces him to his wife (the childhood lover McQueen bragged about in the upholstery shop): "You remember —" She looks up — is it blankly or hostilely? — for several seconds and finally smiles a real smile. Her 12-year-old daughter, called by father from a far game on the playground, refuses to act entranced by either the presence of McQueen or her father's introduction of him as someone from his magic childhood. The agonizing,

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lengthy scene of Miss Wood tripping and spilling at the dinner party in her fat suitor's home is successful despite her failure to project the depths of embarrassment and ambivalence inherent in the script, but is even more telling if the viewer recalls the earlier parallel dropping and spilling performed by her suitor in her home. Crowning this subtle turnabout, which moves more toward the deep and human discomfort of Walter Mitty than the surface manipulations of a Shakespearean comedy's turnabout, is the philosophic disquisition delivered at the table by the only college-trained person in either home, the suitor's sister. To the patriarchal, tight-lipped mother, to Miss Wood, and to Tom Bosley, the kindly, bumbling middle-class man about to marry the woman next to him despite the fact she is carrying another man's child, she says, "I think what they call love is strictly a middle-class idea and it is definitely on its way out." Yet I must admit that the ending of the film is Hollywoodish, failing to suggest the possibility of anything but future bliss for the lovers.

Like Robert Rossen in *The Hustler,* director Robert Mulligan tries no fancy camera tricks or editing. He uses only one montage sequence, of the frightening taxi ride back from the abortionist, Miss Wood silent in McQueen's arms, the cab going on and on through the brightly lit signs of Manhattan streets at night — intimate comfort in the blaze of public lights. Mulligan does not depend on Arnold Schulman's brilliant dialogue to carry all the meaning of a scene by exploiting the closeup, but more often achieves meaning and emphasis by the position of persons or objects in a room. One cut hits the audience with verbal and visual shock before meaning bursts upon them: when Edie Adams, McQueen's sleeping partner, infers that his question about the abortionist means he is the man involved, she shouts at him, "You want *me* to find you a doctor?" And her screaming face leaves the screen and McQueen is lurching across a street, looking back at the apartment, and you feel impressionistically how abruptly he was thrown out and how embarrassing it is to be out in all this sunlight on a corner filled with people who may be watching you stuff your shirt tail back into your trousers. The flow of the story in idea and incident is sustained; the flow visually from shot to shot is not yet what Francoise Truffaut made it in *The Four Hundred Blows* or *Jules and Jim,* but Mulligan has handled symphonically all the other constituents of the mélange that makes up any film.

So there is *Love with the Proper Stranger.* Produced by Alan J. Pakula and directed by Robert Mulligan, and distributed by Paramount Pictures, it is not a bad film with a good actor going bad, like *The Prize* with Paul Newman. Or a confusion of purposes, banality, and brilliance, like Billy Wilder's *The Apartment.* Or a stretched-out spectacular only sometimes visually honest like *Lawrence of Arabia.* It is a tight, true little film of real artistry marred only by one surrender — to the star system. Its reception in the theater where I saw it suggests that the movie-going public would like such films if something could lure them to the theater to see them.

Is this film a signpost on the road that American films may be taking — the road of integrity and individual control which has produced the many great foreign films of the last twenty years? Or just another accident among the pretentious, inconsistent, and specious American films of the last decade? I realize that Hollywood is not listening to my questions. I doubt that Paramount will distribute Mr. Mulligan's works of art if they attain complete integrity. But in many parts of America, little bands of persons, exhibitors and producers and directors, are coming to care about real films and perhaps they will make their way completely independent of Hollywood. Mr. Pakula and Mr. Mulligan have the competence and understanding to create first-rate works of art.

In this film Mr. Mulligan has moved far ahead of his relatively safe and uninspired direction of *To Kill a Mockingbird,* but he still has a way to go — that is, away from the likes of Miss Wood. After seeing her in this film, I opened the local paper and read that Hollywood's Academy — which bases its awards upon the votes of persons who work in the "industry" — had announced that for acting in *Love with the Proper Stranger,* one of the five nominations for the best actress of the year had gone to Natalie Wood.

Ken Macrorie

"Non-violence is a powerful and just weapon. It is a weapon unique in history, which cuts without wounding and enobles the man who wields it. It is a sword that heals. Both a practical and a moral answer to the Negro's cry for justice, nonviolent direct action proved that it could win victories without losing wars." Martin Luther King, Jr. in *Why We Cannot Wait.* Your contribution will help advance human dignity and democracy in the South. Send it to:

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The Glass Knothole

Not too long before announcing his re-election candidacy recently, an Ohio congressman let it be known, to constituents and citizens at large, that he is against Sin.

The valorous legislator committed his tactical defense of righteousness by announcing that he was requesting the State Department to investigate the possibility of deporting a strolling British actor (who was seen strolling internationally with an American actress) as an undesirable alien.

Moral turpitude and all that, y'know. The sin-fighter thought that the ardent thespians' well-advertised lollygagging was a crying shame, a bad example for children and adolescents of the U.S. of A.

Although the degenerate State Department said it could find no valid legal ground for expulsion, naturally the congressman's Act of Public Purity yielded sacks of mail. Most of the letters, the legislator asserted, were vehement in support of Clean Living and Right Thinking.

Whether the correspondence attacking Sin would crumple in blushing shame under searching psychiatric examination is not known; anyhow it is imaginable that the letter-writers were at least superficially sincere.

Let us clean up this terrible scandal, they must have said, and restore this nation to the Founding Fathers. Ah, yes. Let us be pure. Yet the ostrich has a strikingly unlovely rump.

Crusaders of any persuasion ought to do their homework first and sally forth to vanquish Evil after, not before, the back hog-lot is tidy.

Thus, one might ask the slit-eyed foe of immorality, where were you on the night of television's teen-age beauty contest? There is a good chance the furious letter-warrior was bug-eyed at the Glass Knothole in his living room, entertaining unmentionable visions vis-a-vis the parade of over-pneumatic, under-age girls whose nubility is protected by statute, the penalty being jail.

Will the crusader's wife (if she is not herself a defender of the faith, not to mention virtue) buy the products hawked on that telecast? She may, if they will make her be desired. She certainly does, when a TV program shows handsome males inflicting distress upon other women whose beauty is laid waste in disarray.

Of course that is elementary (if unsavory) psychology. It is not at all difficult to make immorality safe, sanitary, and by no means unpleasant.

Still, a greater immorality is laid bare daily on television: namely the egregious exploitation of children, who cannot know any better, by cynical marketplace vendors.

Dedicated TV addicts can see, if they sit there and work at it, from 630 (median) to more than 1,400 commercial "messages," in addition to the network's three-minutes-per-half-hour's worth, each week on a single station. In more of these announcements than is comfortable to contemplate, children are depicted either as mercantile wheedlers or unabashed apostles of the Big Hard Sell.

The life-span of these juvenile pushers extends from the moment of birth unto puberty. They are used to promote purchase of all kinds of goods and services.

They are fetchingly filmed to lure clients into friendly banks, loan-dives, and bucket-shops. Trustful tots artlessly inspire dread, to sell insurance to prudent parents. Apple-cheeked youngsters are represented as being near famine in search of body-building bread and milk, starvelings craving color-cartoon cereal; in travail and agony, to visit the gasoline station's happy-motoring toilet.

Only adults of unspeakable cruelty could withstand their 21-per-cent-fewer petitions; alms in hand, we gladly gratify them.

But—whereas no one condones outrageous cruelty to children, few parents protest the sale of their flesh. Here is that graver immorality, far more alarming, deadly, and venal than the strutting lusts of a wandering player.

Writers of the congressman's livid letters are not concerned with or about those evil beings whose sole mission in life is scheming to turn our Ad-Land children into 5-year-old pimps and 4-year-old whores.

Ogden Dwight

Books

David J. Dallin, *From Purge to Coexistence*. Chicago, Henry Regnery Company, 1964. $6.95.

Commentators on both old and new Russia have not lacked for numbers, and undoubtedly their abundance can be traced to the enigmatic quality of their subject. Well over a century ago the Marquis de Custine recorded after his

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Russian tour that "it seemed to me that in telling the truth about Russia I would be doing something useful, new and daring." David J. Dallin's present work, of course no travel account, was nonetheless dictated by motives similiar to Custine's — "telling the truth about Russia."

When Dallin writes of revolutionaries, Soviet leaders, and purges, he writes as no detached bystander. The men who lived these experiences he knew well, and at times he even shared their aspirations. Born in 1889 of a merchant family in provincial Russia, Dallin at eighteen joined the Menshevik party and entered the Law Faculty of the University of St. Petersburg. He was, in the words of one who knew him, "one of the last survivors of that brilliant pleiad in the Menshevik intelligentsia who so richly combined outstanding intellectual ability and oratorical and publicistic talents." Like so many of the young bloods in the twilights of Imperial Russia he was arrested, exiled, and returned to Russia after the dissolution of the monarchy. The successes of the Bolsheviks boded ill for his moderate course. He remained in the Soviet Union only until 1921 when the Menshevik cause had become hopeless.

Dallin's essays in *From Purge to Coexistence* deal with some of the fallacies and thorny problems of the Soviet regime. Have "The Pyatakov-Radek Trial," "Austria: Where Stalin Failed," "The Coming Era," "The Soviet Revolution: Shattered Hopes," "Social Change and Soviet Foreign Policy," "A Revolution Transformed," "Methods of Soviet Diplomacy," "Soviet Russia As a World Power," and "Competition and Conflict" a common thread? Yes, it is that *the revolution was perverted by the Bolsheviks* (Italics mine). The author discerns this perversion in the abandonment of sound economic principles and democratic processes by the Bolsheviks, by the stupendous ruthlessness of the purges, by the emergence of a parasitic Soviet-type middle class, and by the practice of deceit and aggrandizement in foreign affairs.

Dallin's articles follow two types: analytical, *i.e.*, the purge trials, the Austrian problem, and methods of Soviet diplomacy; and speculative, best illustrated by "The Coming Era," where the technique employed is prophecy. The former is highly informative; the latter, considering the date of writing was 1919, impressive for insight. The care given to the selection of these essays makes this volume a fitting commemoration to one of the ablest kremlinologists of our time. In addition to the *tour de force* of the writings there is appended a complete Dallin bibliography, a library in itself.

Albert T. Schmidt

Andre Chastel, *The Age of Humanism: Europe 1480-1530*. (Council of Europe Series, No. 4.) 76 line drawings. 283 b. -&- w. & 40 color plates. Index. Notes. McGraw-Hill Book Co., 1963. $26.50.

This text is so demanding that, for the first time in my life, I am submitting a review written with a co-author, the Reverend Dr. Roland Bainton, emeritus professor of the Yale Divinity School.

As Dr. Bainton says in clarifying the dynamic period here described and displayed, "In Renaissance Florence, despite some dissident voices, there were three dominant concepts. The first was that man is at the center of the universe. This was, as a matter of fact, an almost universal concept in antiquity. In Judaism man was the crown of creation, in Christianity the object of redemption. Aristotle placed man at the center of the scale of reality, with God and celestial beings above and with animals, vegetables and minerals below. The Stoics pictured man as participating in the rationality of the cosmos and as alone capable of ordering his life accordingly. The Neoplatonists assumed that man, situated at the center of Aristotle's scheme, was able of his own free will to sink to the level of the brute or to rise until united with the Ineffable One. This is the heart of the Renaissance doctrine of the dignity of man, but not of all men in equal measure. Some men are better able to ascend, because endowed with imagination by which they are able to grasp the Ultimate. The one so gifted is the genius. He may find expression as the artist. But man is also assisted in his upward course by *eros*, love for the beautiful and the true. This whole picture is not incompatible with Christianity, because the Christian mystics see union with God as the goal and love to God as a round in the ladder of ascent. Classical Neoplatonism had, of course, no place for Christ, but Florentine Neoplatonism did not renounce Christ, though needing him less than Medieval Christianity with its stress on the forgiveness of sins through his passion. Other ingredients in the doctrine of man are related to the next point.

"The second great concept was that of an or-

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dered cosmos. This again is an eclectic, and not a specifically Neoplatonic, concept. The Stoics believed in the rationality of the entire cosmos. This rationality involved harmony. The heavenly bodies do not collide and animals of the same species do not exterminate each other. Harmony involves proportion which, alike in music and in the relations of the heavenly bodies, is in accord with mathematics. Its principles are manifest likewise in the proportions of the human body, which is a microcosm. The cruciform need not signify the cross of Christ but simply the human body with arms outstretched. Mathematical proportion finds expression in architecture and in perspective in painting. The harmony of the cosmos is well symbolized by the circle or the octagon, and is supremely expressed by the dome.

"The cosmos, however, is not static but, being animated by the soul of the world, the *anima mundi,* is energized by vital forces which the genius, endowed with imagination, is able to perceive and reproduce. Here is a principle which may well conflict with the concept of a harmony of repose.

"The third great concept is the view that the ideal is achieved in that which is complete, well rounded, that from which nothing can be omitted without destroying the whole, and further the conviction that this ideal was realized in classical antiquity. Essentially this is a revival of the Greek concept of *paideia,* enriched in Roman Stoic circles by the still richer concept of *humanitas,* the ideal of the cultivated man versed in all knowledge and all skills. The revival of this concept in the Florentine Renaissance led to the attempt to combine the hero and the saint, the active and the passive life, the quest for fame and the striving for immortality in the beyond. The author notes particularly the blending of these themes in sepulchral monuments."

So in this picture book you can identify, for example, the expression in art given to these three dominant concepts about which Dr. Bainton, himself a world authority on this specific time in world history, speaks.

The Age of Humanism, the fourth volume in the already noted series on the great epochs, is published through the sponsorship of the Council of Europe. The exhibition, "Humanist Europe," presented in Brussels in 1954, inspired this series of which this is perhaps the most impressive publication of all.

Albert Christ-Janer

Slawomir Mrozek, *The Elephant.* Tr. by Konrad Sytop. Illustr. by Daniel Mroz. Grove Press, Inc. $3.95.

The Elephant is a collection of forty-two vignettes that satirize in masterful strokes Polish political, social, and economic life. In Mrozek's writing one finds something of Kafka and something of the Russian writer Zoshchenko: he shares with the former a deep awareness of human misery, with the latter a nonchalant yet exciting sense of reality.

Through Mrozek's stories one observes at close range, life in contemporary Poland, with all its bureaucratic stupidities and melancholic indifference — superbly portrayed in the third vignette, "The Elephant," from which the book derives its title. Another piece, "A Fact," is a highly amusing satire on quick marriages, while "The Cooperative" is a sharp attack on the government alcohol monopoly, which plentifully supplies spirits to the thirsty. Chauvinism is the theme of "The Last Hussar"; in "Spring in Poland" Mrozek makes a direct assault on political figures of the present day; the stupidity of high officials who are afraid of even the mildest criticism is described in the vignette entitled innocently "Children." Perhaps the best selection in the volume is "The Parable of the Miraculous Escape," which describes the good German Eric Kraus who was an obedient Nazi in Hitler's time and an excellent democrat during Herr Chancellor Adenauer's regime.

This slim book is proof that in Poland the people are laughing at the establishment, while building and adjusting to their new way of life. It also testifies to the survival of the country's irrepressible spirit and wit.

Antoni Gronowicz

Records

The records sent me for review this past quarter span some 500 years of music, from around 1450 to exactly 1954.

From Bach Guild come three beautifully sung and recorded albums of Renaissance choral music. The first (BGS-70653) contains Masses by Guillaume Dufay (*Se la face ay pale*) and Jacob Obrecht (*Sub tuum praesidium*); the Vienna Chamber Choir is conducted by Hans Gillesberger, and the vocal lines are doubled by an ensemble of pleasantly wheezing and bleating Renaissance instruments. Album two (BGS-70651) has

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two Masses by Roland de Lassus, *In die tribulationis* and *Bell' amfitri' altera,* the latter for two choruses. Finally, a cycle of 21 motets from Palestrina's *The Song of Songs,* on texts from the Vulgate Canticles (BGS-5059). Both the Lassus and Palestrina are sung by the small and expert Prague Madrigal Choir. Renaissance polyphony is the most demanding of all music to listen to. If you can take it, and if you have time to hear and rehear it, these albums should prove rewarding. Dufay, the earliest, is the most modern and approachable. The Obrecht work, filled with medieval complications on paper, is repetitious and monotonous to the ear. Of the two sixteenth-century masters, I prefer Lassus. Palestrina has a well-earned reputation for austerity, a quality out of place in a setting of such words as "Thy two breasts are like two young roes that are twins. . . ."

Alessandro Stradella is best known for his extraordinary demise: having cuckolded a Venetian grandee, he was trailed around Italy by a hired assassin and, after an unsuccessful attempt, knifed to death in 1682. He was the subject of a once popular opera, but his own operas, oratorios, and instrumental music are not only not played but largely not even published. Yet he was something of a legend for his musical prowess in his own time and for years later; Handel, born three years after his death, paid him the compliment of stealing large portions of his work. Music Guild has given us an opportunity to judge Stradella's gifts in two releases. The *Christmas Cantata* (S-13) is commonplace enough, but the oratorio *St. John the Baptist* (S-34) belongs with the achievements of Purcell and the early Handel. It contains, among much that is admirable, some very voluptuous music for Salome. St. John is sung by the ample-voiced contralto Adriana Lazzarini, Salome by the soprano Zimra Ornatt. The remaining soloists are competent and the Angelicum Orchestra of Milan is under the sympathetic hands of Carlo Felice Cillario.

Westminster has produced a second volume of Baroque trumpet concertos, again conducted by Hermann Scherchen (WST-17047). For the most part this is music as easy to listen to as it is to forget. The one piece that "sticks" is by a composer I never heard of before, one G. H. Stoelzel: a plangent and witty concerto grosso for six trumpets and assorted solo winds, as well as strings. The other pieces are by Telemann, Corelli, Manfredini, and Mozart *père*. Except for the utterly witless Corelli concertino, they are all amusing trifles. Scherchen is not in top form.

Some previously unrecorded but important Handel choral music is to be found on a brilliant new Bach Guild release (BGS-70661). Side 1 has the early (1713) *Ode for the Birthday of Queen Anne*, almost as captivating a work as Purcell's more famous ode (*Come Ye Sons of Art*) for the birthday of Anne's predecessor, Queen Mary. The anonymous text is full of comforting flattery—for instance, a duet beginning "Kind Health descends on downy wings." Historical footnote: Anne died the next year. Side 2 is devoted to three anthems for the coronation of George II (1727). So far as I know, only the first (*Zadok the Priest*) has been recorded previously. All three are massive, mature works in the idiom of *Messiah*. Alfred Deller is the able conductor and counter-tenor—one longs to see him perform both tasks at the same time—and other soloists include his son Mark Deller, who is also a countertenor but depends heavily on falsetto, unlike Alfred.

One of the most satisfying realizations of the theoretical canonic sections of Bach's *The Musical Offering* is that of Fritz Neumeyer; the entire work is performed with a somber purity by the Wiener Solisten, Neumeyer at the harpsichord. This is the best Musical *Offering* ever committed to records.

Antonio Soler, the eighteenth century Spanish composer-monk, is represented, again on Bach Guild, by six concertos for two keyboards without orchestra. Soler wrote these very unmonkish pieces for two organs and they have been so recorded by Columbia, with E. Power Biggs and Daniel Pinkham as organists. Now, in this even more sparkling edition, three of the concertos are played as harpsichord duets and three as duets for harpsichord and organ. The

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performers are Anton and Erna Heiller. The stereo version is highly recommended.

Haydn ended his days not as a symphonist but as a composer of Masses. If you've been curious about these late works of the master, now is the time to do something about it, viz., buy, borrow or steal the *Mass in Time of War*, just out on Deutsche Grammophon (138 881). A towering masterwork, toweringly performed, faultlessly recorded. The personnel: Rafael Kubelik conducting the Bavarian Radio Symphony Orchestra with soloists Elsie Morison, Marjorie Thomas, Peter Witsch, and Karl Christian Kohn.

We enter the nineteenth century by way of Richard Wagner, that famous composer of piano music. No kidding. Vox has issued his entire keyboard output in an inexpensive two-record album (VUX 2022). Three sides are devoted to works of 1831, when the future wonder of the world was an astonishingly unpromising eighteen. These consist of two longish piano sonatas and an interminable fantasy, all sounding like bad Schubert with a little bad late Beethoven thrown in, but not a hint of Wagner, good or bad. The last side contains slightly more characteristic "album-leaves" written for various ladies Wagner knew or wanted to get to know better. The competent pianist (a bit on the heavy-fingered side) is Martin Galling. The album can be recommended to people who know and love Wagner, and have a sense of humor.

A few years after 1831, Vincenzo Bellini completed his last opera, *I Puritani*, and then, for reasons never satisfactorily explained, took to his bed and died at the age of thirty-four. *Puritani* is the *locus classicus* of *bel canto* opera: it is to its genre what the Chopin Nocturnes are to theirs. Ten years ago, Maria Callas recorded the opera for Angel, with a fine supporting cast including a fresh-voiced Giuseppe Di Stefano. I have cherished this great recording for all those years, for it not only introduced me to Callas but to Bellini as well. London has now issued a new *Puritani* which surpasses the old one in no way except the restoring of several cut passages and the modern engineering which makes some good use of stereo (OSA 1373). Joan Sutherland is by far the best singer in the cast. She is very good, but Callas is even better. And for once Sutherland and her husband, Richard Bonynge (who conducts with a clean but rather inflexible baton), have gone overboard in matters of ornamentation: the repeat of the cabaletta of "Qui la voce" swamps the melodic line in scales, trills, grupetti, and what have you. The rest of the cast is, with the exception of Ezio Flagello, not so good as their Angel counterparts, and the tenor, Pierre Duval, chosen apparently because he possesses a high D, is a third-rate singer. Despite these strictures the new recording gives considerable pleasure —it could not fail to when it boasts an artist of Sutherland's stature. But the Callas recording is still available, and that's the one I recommend.

London is capitalizing on the recent Verdi *Falstaff* craze by issuing a single disc of excerpts (OSA 1154). Some of the same artists whom I saw last spring in the Metropolitan production are also featured in this recording: Fernando Corena as Falstaff, Regina Resnik as Mistress Quickly, and Luigi Alva as Fenton. I didn't like Corena in the flesh: he confused the very special comedy of Falstaff with the low comedy of every other basso buffo role he plays. But on records, where he can't mug, he comes off much better and he's in fine voice. The whole ensemble, in fact, is fine. I suppose I ought to say that a masterpiece like *Falstaff* cannot suffer excerpation without violation of the moral law, but I shan't. The record is a delight, and if you don't want or can't afford a complete *Falstaff*, get this one.

Entering the twentieth century by way of Bartok, we have new recordings from Deutsche Grammophon of *The Miraculous Mandarin* ballet and the *Cantata Profana* (138 873) of the *Dance Suite* coupled with Kodaly's *Peacock Variations* (138 875), and of Bartok's last work, the *Viola Concerto*, coupled with a *Viola Concerto* by the contemporary Hungarian Gyula David (138 874). All of these are good performances. The gorgeous *Peacock Variations* (the only presently available version) are played with stunning virtuosity by the Hungarian Radio and Television Symphony Orchestra under György Lehel. Perhaps least successful is the savage *Miraculous Mandarin*, played too suavely by the late Janos Ferencsik and the Budapest Philharmonic; they make such plush noises that all the dissonances sound like the chord of C major.

Two versions of Richard Strauss's great study for 23 solo strings, *Metamorphosen*, have appeared simultaneously, one a recording made in 1947 by Wilhelm Furtwängler and the Berlin Philharmonic (DGG 18 857), the other spanking new, with Victor Desarzens conducting the Chamber Orchestra of Lausanne (Westminster 17026). I'm afraid the sound of the Furtwängler, issued as a recording of historical importance, is so poor as to put it out of the running. *Metamorphosen*, with its multifold separate instrumental lines, requires absolute clarity. Desarzens is high on clarity if a little impoverished on soul. The DGG is coupled with a performance of Hindemith's *Symphonic Metamorphoses* on *Themes by Weber*, also of ancient vintage and even more faded sound. Westminster's coupling is Strauss's wonderful *Bourgeois Gentilhomme Suite*, a lively performance and the only one available. So Westminster wins, hands down.

Darius Milhaud, one of the truly inflated reputations of the twentieth century, wrote a *Sacred Service* for use in the Jewish liturgy in 1949, emulating a similar work by Ernest Bloch. The Bloch (available on Columbia) has some fine things in it. The Milhaud, now issued under the composer's direction on Westminster (WST 17052), is merely another example of Milhaud's inexhaustible ability to grind out commissions that fill without nourishing—a kind of musical sawdust.

Frank Martin is a more careful and "serious" composer, but unfortunately not very much more interesting. Even with the aid of baritone Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau and the Berlin Philharmonic his *Six Monologues from "Everyman"* (DGG 138 871) remain monologues; they never take flight into melody. Side 2 contains three excerpts from Martin's 1954 opera *The Tempest*, and these are rather more interesting, particularly the overture. *David Johnson*

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